

Playing Pretend by Magladin

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-09-18 20:08:32

Updated: 2018-09-29 22:34:01

Packaged: 2019-12-12 22:51:33

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 28,072

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When El has to spend the night with the Wheelers because Hopper is working the night shift, the wrong tape gets played in the VCR and Mike and El both learn a few new things. Shameless smut. Danger, Will Robinson.

1. Chapter 1

Hey! This one will have a few chapters! This is a little smutty, you know how I roll, so be forewarned. But do ya, do ya, do you wanna roll with me?

El Hopper was outside in what could be considered the backyard of her adoptive father's cabin, essentially the forest, when she heard something crying. It sounded like an animal and the sound was coming from underneath a shrub. El crouched down, trying to see what it was.

"Oh, hello. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you," El said quietly. A small black cat tentatively poked its nose out from under the shrubbery. El held her hand out and the kitten nuzzled its face against her. El smiled. Her history with cats wasn't stellar and it made her feel good that this one was letting her touch it. It was still crying though.

"Are you hungry? What's wrong, little cat?" The cat was rubbing against her leg and purring but it was still crying. El wasn't sure what to do. "I'll go see if I can find some food. Don't go anywhere, little cat, I'll be right back. I promise."

El went straight inside, quickly, and headed to the kitchen.

"Hey, kid? We need to leave soon for Mike's. I have to be at the station by 5:15." Hopper was in the living room reading the newspaper.

El stopped. *Had she forgotten that she was spending the night with the Wheelers while Hop worked?* No matter, she was on a mission.

"I just need a few minutes, okay?" She proceeded to open a can of tuna, hiding it under her shirt as she made her way back outside.

"You have fifteen minutes and then we have to go. No more time after that." Hopper eyed her, knowing she was up to something, but the look she had on her face was so focused and adorable that he just let it happen.

"Okay. I'll be ready." El was out the door and in the backyard again in a matter of seconds. She could still hear the cat crying.

"Hi, little cat. I'm back. I brought some food." She knelt down and set the can on the ground. The cat came out again, rubbing against her before shoving his nose in the can. "You *were* hungry." He was very soft, even for being outside in the weather. "I want to keep you. I've never had a pet. And I found you, like Mike found me. You should be mine. I'm Mike's, you know." El continued to pet him, thinking about how nice it would be to have a cat sleep next to her, curled up against her. She really wanted it now that she let herself imagine it.

"You need a name, little cat. Let me think...you're very handsome. I think I'll call you...Paladin. Yes! Do you like that name?" The cat had finished his food and was rubbing his face against El's knee. El couldn't stop smiling. "I should find somewhere for you to stay. I won't be here tonight but if I make a bed for you will you promise to stay here?" El spoke to the cat as though she was having a normal conversation with him. The fact that he was no longer crying and was looking at her as though he was listening to her made her feel like maybe he would stay.

"El! We need to go!" Hopper's voice boomed from just inside the cabin.

El went to work, grabbing an old blanket that was under the porch and folding it to make a bed. She put the folded blanket into an empty wooden box that was pushed against the side of the porch. She'd heard that cats liked boxes. She hoped Paladin would. She set him on the blanket but something was missing. She thought for a minute and then removed the sweatshirt she was wearing and put it inside the box as well. She knew it smelled like her and she hoped it would be enough to keep the kitten from running away until tomorrow.

"I've got to go, Paladin. Be a good cat and stay here. For me? I'll sneak you inside tomorrow. I'll always come back." El hesitated, reaching down to pet him once more, and then went back inside to get her overnight bag.

"What were you doing out there?" Hopper asked when they were in

his truck.

"I heard something crying. I was looking for it." *Technically true.*

El did in fact arrive a little late to Mike's, much to Hopper's disappointment. She was smiling as she bounded down the basement steps.

"Sorry I'm late, Mike. I found something cool." El was practically glowing.

"What did you find?" Mike asked.

"I found a little cat and I'm going to keep him. Hop doesn't know yet. I named him Paladin. So I was making a place for him to sleep and that's why we were late."

"You named him Paladin? Why is that?" Mike couldn't hide the grin he was wearing.

"Because he's brave." El replied. "But anyway, I had to take care of him. Like you took care of me." El was so matter-of-fact, as though that was obviously her only option.

"Well, um, do you want to watch a movie?" Mike tried to resist it but could feel his cheeks turning red. Her subtlety never failed to affect him.

The weekend before El was going to spend the night with Mike and the Wheelers due to Hopper's work, Dustin had been given a small gift from Steve. Dustin and Lucas had proceeded to make copies of said gift.

Thus Mike was bestowed his first ever copy of a porn tape. He watched it of course, a few times, but in the excitement of his girlfriend getting to spend the night he kind of forgot that he had it. They had planned to watch *Alien* when they watched a movie that night and he hadn't given the porn another thought for at least three days.

It wasn't until he was seated on the couch next to El, having pushed play on the VCR, that he realized his mistake. He had grabbed the

wrong movie.

Mike's face dropped within seconds as the horror of his actions dawned upon him. He clearly hadn't checked the tapes' labels and had the cassettes all mixed up because instead of their usual Sci-Fi movie, there were two naked people having sex. More specifically, a man was hovering over a woman while her legs were wide open and her knees bent as she invited him in. Their loud moans filled the air inside the basement and Mike felt as if he could die at any second.

"Wrong tape! Shit, fuck, I'm sorry. Turn around. Oh, shit!" He sprinted off the couch faster than ever before as he crawled over to where the TV was so he could turn it off. His movements were so frantic he knocked his foot against the wooden coffee table in front of them in his desperate attempt to make the embarrassing moment stop.

"Wait! What was that? I want to see that. What were they doing?" El asked, rising to her feet.

"N-Nothing!" Mike yelled louder than he probably should have as he desperately attempted to turn off the TV. When he finally succeeded, he sighed in relief and looked at El. His face was red, his eyes comically large as he just stared at her. The humiliation was written all over his features as he tried to come up with an explanation.

"That wasn't what we, um, were supposed to watch. I'll find the other tape, wait." He stood up from the floor and went over to the box where the actual movie they were supposed to watch was located.

El stopped him in mid-stride as he made his way back to the VCR.

"I want to watch this," she said. "Why can't we watch this movie? What are they doing, Mike?"

"Nothing you should know about," Mike replied, his voice faltering with every word coming out of his mouth. "Forget about it, *Alien* is gonna be so amazing!" He feigned excitement and forced out a smile, although his brain was screaming at him for how stupid he had been to mix the tapes up.

"We can watch *Alien* any time. What is this? Mike, what are they doing?" The tape was still playing since El had used her powers to stop him and she couldn't look away from the bodies on the screen. She was confused, but also felt something new and strange in her parts that Hopper had said were for her only.

The TV was turned back on all of a sudden and Mike figured out why immediately. He had just turned it off so there was no way El managed to get to the TV and turn it back on that quickly. Besides, the remote was nowhere near her. *She used her powers*, he thought in despair. His plan had been to run back to where the movie was playing and destroy the tape as soon as possible, but he soon noticed he was stopped in his tracks. Not only had she played the movie again, she had also stopped him from moving by using her mind.

"El!" Mike croaked out. He could still move his head and his gaze was alternating between the porn movie and El in disbelief. He couldn't believe she had actually gone to this extent, that she actually froze him just so she could see this embarrassing thing that she was not supposed to have any idea about. This was his secret; the thing he jerked off to by himself inside the basement late at night. It was definitely not something his innocent girlfriend should be watching. "Let me go. Look at me! Stop that, okay? Turn off the TV," he pleaded with his eyes, but he knew how stubborn El could be so he wasn't hoping for much.

El was having none of Mike's insistence. She was quite interested in the happenings on the screen and she planned to have Mike teach her about everything that she was seeing. She was familiar with her soap operas and how they were always saying, *make love to me* but she had no idea what that meant. Until seeing the tape in Mike's VCR she had assumed it was kissing while in bed. Now she wasn't so sure.

"What are they doing, Mike?" El asked. Her tone said that she truly wanted, no, *needed* to know. She was so confused but watching the man and woman on the screen interact was making her feel funny. In a good way.

"They're having sex," Mike admitted in defeat. He already knew it was a little too late to protect El from seeing the scenes unfolding. The woman in the porn movie was now on top of the man, riding him

and moaning loudly. He glanced at the actors and cringed, his eyes squeezing shut for a second before he found the strength to look back at El. She seemed mesmerized, her eyes watching the scene intently and Mike could feel his blood boiling. It was hot to see someone as pure as the only girl he had ever loved watching something so dirty. And the worst thing about it was that El was still using her powers on him, so he had no control over his body whatsoever. He was seconds away from getting an erection and there was nothing he could do about it.

"If I let you go, can we watch this, Mike? I want you to tell me everything they're doing." El still couldn't look away, not really understanding what she was seeing but definitely knowing she wanted to see more. She knew that boys and girls were different, Nancy and Joyce had taught her that and had shown her diagrams, but seeing the real thing was far more interesting. It made her feel warm. She just wanted to sit down and observe what was going on. She wished Mike was as interested as she was because he was her favorite person to share new experiences with and also the person she trusted the most. El knew that he'd answer any question no matter how awkward it made him feel.

Mike took a moment to think the situation through, but he knew that no matter what he would try to do, El could easily overpower him. Sighing in defeat, he nodded his head and sat down next to her once she released her mind's hold on him. The people on the screen were still having sex and it was the same position, the woman riding the man's cock, but this time he was fondling her breasts and they were both moaning. Mike remembered that scene, he clearly remembered sitting right there on the sofa and pumping his cock and cupping his balls as he thought of El straddling and riding him just like that. And here he was now, watching the same scene again, yet this time his precious El wanted to know everything about it.

"They um...they're having sex. This is a porn movie, you know," he whispered sheepishly. His erection was starting to form and he was squirming in his seat as he ended up crossing his legs to mask the embarrassing moment.

El just watched. She hadn't said anything since Mike sat down. Honestly, she was a little surprised he hadn't put up more of a fight.

The sounds she was hearing were making her feel strange. She knew it was probably wrong to touch where she felt weird so she squirmed a bit, trying to get some sort of relief. The woman on top of the man seemed to really be enjoying herself.

"Mike?" El whispered. "Why do they do that?"

"Because um...it feels good," he mumbled as he kept his eyes on the movie. "People have sex to procreate, but also because it feels good." He could see El from the corner of his eye and she looked uncomfortable, her legs closing awkwardly and he couldn't help but wonder if the lewd scenes were having the same effect on her as they were having on him. "But only people who love each other should do this! I mean, sure, these guys probably don't but they are actors and that's their job. And sometimes it can happen even in real life. You don't necessarily have to love someone to have sex with someone but I mean-I think...I think that's how it should go," Mike rambled, wincing with embarrassment.

El considered Mike's words. All she really knew for sure at that moment was that what she was seeing was making her want to touch herself and that if she *did* ever do that with anyone Mike would be the only person she'd even want to think about. They fell into silence, both watching the events unfold on the screen. El felt like her pussy was throbbing. Max had taught her the word. Something about the movie was making her feel other things too. Her panties felt wet under her sweatpants but she knew she hadn't peed and wasn't sweating. Watching the people on the screen, seeing the woman bounce up and down on the man's...she knew it was called a penis but that seemed too scientific for what was happening on the TV. But it was making her want to touch herself. She shot a sideways glance at Mike who was watching the movie, a sofa pillow over his lap. He kept moving his legs around. El quietly moved her hand, thinking Mike wouldn't notice. She slipped it underneath her waistband as she continued to watch the pair fuck on screen.

Even though Mike was now silently watching the porn movie, he made sure to keep an eye on El. He wanted to see her reactions, wanted to make sure that everything was all right and she wasn't baffled by anything that went on. He knew everything was new to her, so he just hoped she was having a good first experience. But to

his amazement, she started touching herself right next to him. His heart stopped for a moment, he could barely breathe and he was pretty sure some pre-cum leaked from the tip of his dick at the sight of his girlfriend doing that right next to him. He didn't want to be disrespectful or invasive by confronting her about it; hell, he didn't even have the guts to turn his head and properly look at her. But he could still see from the corner of his eye the way her wrist flicked under her clothes and it was enough to make his cock throb. He was aching to do the same and after a few seconds of contemplating this risky action, he carefully moved his right hand under the pillow and cupped his erect cock, trying to get some friction.

El didn't notice what Mike was doing...at first. She was too busy feeling the slippery wet feeling between her legs. It made everything feel better, certainly better than when she wiped herself after peeing or any other mundane reason that she might have to touch herself there. Watching this movie, she felt like she needed to touch herself. But that was kind of the thing...she didn't really know how. She had slipped her hand into her sweatpants and her palm was resting on what Max had called her pussy. She would push her hand firmly against it, kind of rhythmically, because she just felt like that's what she needed to do. It felt good when she did it.

Mike's hand stopped when the couple seemed to reach their climax. They had moaned and groaned more than before which signaled their orgasms and Mike felt the need to explain that to his girlfriend. He was pretty sure she had no idea what that meant. "They um...they orgasmed. This happens when the pleasure is really intense. It makes the...itchy feeling between your legs stop," he informed her as a blush crept onto his cheeks and it took all of his self-control not to mention that he had noticed what El had been doing for some minutes.

El knew what Mike was talking about, the itchy feeling. She just didn't have a name for it. "How do you orgasm?" She asked Mike, genuinely wanting to know.

"Well...if it is by yourself...you um...touch your genital parts until the feeling goes away. And with someone...I guess you just have sex." He was certain this wasn't the greatest explanation ever, but if it hadn't been for these porn tapes Dustin showed him he would've been just

as clueless as El.

El thought about it. "Well I've touched myself but I still feel itchy and tingly. Am I doing it wrong? How do I do it, Mike?"

"I'm not sure how...girls...do it. But I-I've seen this...wait," Mike grabbed the remote control and pressed some buttons until there was a new scene in the porn movie. A woman had her legs widely spread and she was touching her clitoris while moaning. Her eyes were closed and she would occasionally let her hands roam all over her body and Mike had thought of El doing the same to her own pussy when he had first seen this moment. He would've never guessed they would end up watching the scene together as he tried to teach EL more about self-pleasuring. "I guess like this..." he mumbled shyly, his eyes following her hand and, to his surprise, it was still tucked under the waistband but he couldn't tell if she was touching herself or not. He averted his gaze though, trying to find something else to focus on as he spoke: "People do this in private. Usually by themselves when they don't have someone to have um...sex with."

El looked at the new scene. It was very informative. The woman seemed to know exactly what she was doing and seemed to be making herself feel really good. But El being El, had questions.

"So um, what parts am I supposed to touch? You know there's an opening there? To my inside? Do I touch in there? I don't know how to make it stop, Mike. Could you please help me?"

"You could touch yourself there, too..." Mike suddenly found it hard to breathe. He could barely wrap his head around everything that was going on. They were supposed to be watching *Alien* and cuddling and maybe even making out a little if he was lucky, not talking about Eleven's pussy and how she should masturbate. He wasn't exactly against the subject, though. He would have been lying if he had said it wasn't turning him on. "But I'm afraid I can't help you with that...Not that I don't want to! Because I would love to!" *Okay, maybe I shouldn't have admitted that.* "But we're still...young, you know?" He added almost inaudibly.

"So? I've had *the talk* Mike. I know how babies are made. I just didn't know it was supposed to feel good or look like that." El gestured to

the TV. "Isn't there some way you could help me make it go away? You've had this tape so I know this isn't your first time to see it. Doesn't it make you feel tingly too?" El was getting desperate. The feeling between her legs was screaming for release and she had no real idea of how to fix it. "Please, Mike?"

"There is...but that would mean you losing your virginity to me and that is not going to happen today, El. I can't...do that to you. We're still young and I want you to be sure before we ever go anywhere near that." Mike was proud of himself for acting so mature. He had always felt the need to be one step in front of El when it came to serious decisions just so he could be sure he wasn't taking advantage of her innocence. Even if that meant not listening to his hormonal instincts.

"And...yeah, I'm tingly, too. But it's okay. It will go away," he forced out a smile and made sure that the pillow was covering any evidence of his raging boner. It didn't help him at all that the porn movie was depicting the same woman who was now accompanied by a man and they were fucking in the missionary position.

El's brow furrowed. Mike's answer was not what she'd been hoping for. "So the only way is sex? Then I'll never get to stop the tingly feeling I guess. I hope it goes away soon." El hung her head, clearly defeated.

"Well...I guess there are other ways, too," Mike added quickly, hating to see El so upset over something they clearly couldn't do. Hopper would kill him. So would his mom. There was no way they were going to have sex, as much as he wanted it.

"Like what? What could we do?" El scooted closer to him, eager for his solution. The porn continued to play. El watched the girl. She was on top of the man now but he was lying face down and the girl seemed to be rubbing herself, the part that on El was feeling tingly and wet, over his ass. She was grinding herself into it and moaning. El could see the man's ass glistening from the obvious wetness coming from the girl. "Um, could we do that?"

"That?!" Mike asked, his voice sounding higher than usual. "I mean...if you really want to feel it..." He gulped nervously, thinking

he could be seconds away from El rubbing herself on him. "But I think it'd be safer if we kept our clothes on. It should be the same," he added as he tried to sound nonchalant, but he was panicking on the inside. *Is El trying to recreate the scenes that happening in the movie?* If that was her plan, he knew he was doomed to come in his pants in less than a few minutes.

El hung on Mike's every word. *There is a way I could fix the tingly feeling and keep my clothes on?* She had to admit to herself that the idea was probably much more appealing to Mike. After all, she was, as Lucas would put it, *weird* and Mike probably wouldn't want to see her without clothes anyway.

"Well um, if you don't have to see me, could we try? Can you show me what to do?" El was feeling a tiny bit embarrassed now, thinking that Mike might only want to recreate anything in the tape while she was fully clothed.

"Oh...I...okay," Mike bit his bottom lip as he scooted closer to his girlfriend. He was nervous beyond words, he could feel his heart pounding furiously as he averted his eyes to the TV in front of them. The woman was now bouncing on the man's cock as he kept her hips in place and Mike was suddenly very hard again at the prospect of getting to do that with El. Of course, their clothes would still be on but this was more than he had ever hoped for tonight. He lay down on his back and looked up at El, whispering coyly. "Come here..."

El wasn't exactly sure what to do but Mike was lying down on the sofa and looking up at her and his face looked so soft and caring and it dawned on her that even though she might not know exactly how to make the tingling go away she did know how to *kiss* him and at that moment that's what she wanted most. She climbed on top of him, giving the porn tape one last glance before settling in. She let her legs rest on either side of his hips as she bent herself forward to kiss him. She loved how his fingers went into her hair and how he rubbed tiny circles on her scalp. She shifted, and that's when she felt it. It was a feeling that almost made her cry out. Mike was hard and when she moved she felt him...and it felt like it was exactly where she needed it.

"Mike..."

"Does it feel good?" He knew it felt good for him, but he just wanted to make sure that this was something they were both enjoying. He held her to his chest, unlike the man in the scene. The actions depicted were a lot rougher but he couldn't do that to El, at least not all of a sudden. His lips would gently press over her neck and shoulder as he breathed against her skin. It wasn't a lot different than their other times making out, but this time he dared to thrust his hips upward, pressing his clothed cock over Eleven's pussy and he moaned at the contact. This was definitely like nothing they had ever done before. He did it again, and again, sometimes glancing at the movie in front of them to make sure he was doing the right thing, although he was mainly following his instinct at the moment. Even so, this was ten times better than ever beating himself off to a porn movie, because now his girlfriend was on top of him and he could kiss and feel her in new ways.

El had no words for what she was feeling. She was actively grinding herself against Mike, against his *hard cock* as she'd heard someone on the tape say. It didn't seem to her like she could possibly do it enough. Every time she pressed herself down on him she felt a stronger fluttery sensation and she could tell that her sweatpants were most likely wet. She could feel the outline of Mike's cock rubbing into her slit, touching her somewhere even better every time she rocked forward.

"Mike, don't stop that."

"I won't," Mike reassured her, his voice sweet and bothered at the same time. He couldn't believe how much pleasure he could get from something so trivial, but he knew it was his imagination, the same imagination that also contributed to his euphoria. He could only imagine El's pussy swallowing his hard cock, taking him inside her wetness as he would fuck her hard. He closed his eyes, letting his mind do the work as his body continued of its own accord. He met her thrusts halfway and could easily feel the softness of her pussy even through their clothes. He made sure to push his cock as hard as possible whenever their pelvises met, wanting to make her feel as good as he could manage. "Shit, this feels so good, El," he muttered as they continued to rub against each other, his lips now trying to find hers. When they finally clashed together, he sucked on her bottom lip

and let his hands travel all over her lower back until they rested right above her ass. He still didn't dare to touch her so intimately, even though his cock was now pushing against her pussy.

El felt everything Mike was doing. Even through their sweatpants she could feel the shape of his hard cock pressing into her pussy and the way he was moving it, sliding back and forth, pushing harder as he reached the top, made her never want it to end. She was moving too, her hips seeming to know what to do. El sat up, breaking from the hold Mike had on her, and watched his face as she continued to mock ride him. She could feel her pussy lips trying to grip his dick. She secretly wished she didn't have the sweatpants on but she thought what they were doing felt good too. She was starting to move herself faster. She had found a rhythm.

Mike's eyes fluttered open as soon as El left his embrace and he watched her carefully, trying to embed this moment in his mind forever. She was so innocent and sensual at the same time, the way she rocked her hips against his and pressed on his cock right where he wanted her to. "You're so beautiful," he whispered in awe before watching open-mouthed their most sensitive regions connect. He could see the outline of her lips enveloping his cock and he groaned, thrusting particularly hard right after.

The scene switched and Mike noticed a bit too late because of how enticing El was the entire time, but when he glanced at the TV, the couple was fucking while standing up. The man had an arm wrapped around the woman's breasts, while his other hand rubbed her clit. It was hot as hell, but Mike didn't have the guts to propose that to El. He didn't want to take it too far and scare her.

El noticed Mike's eyes dart and followed his line of vision to the TV screen. She saw what was happening and maybe it was because she was feeling so new and different or maybe it was because what she was doing with Mike was making her bolder, but she thought the scene on the TV was *hot*, as her friends would say, and Mike was watching it, so he must think so too. She grinded onto him but held herself down, feeling him twitch between her legs, which she quite liked.

"Mike? Do you want to try what they're doing?" She asked as she kept

Mike's cock buried in her warm slit.

"Y-Yeah," Mike answered in a haze. He waited for El to hop off of him before he stood up and grabbed her hand. His cock was aching to touch her again and he was pretty certain he wasn't thinking straight any more. All he could think of was the fact that they were pretending to fuck and this was the closest they could get to actual sex right now. It was turning him on, so much that he boldly positioned El in front of the TV and slightly parted her legs. His cock found her ass immediately as he thrust once, moaning at how soft and pleasant it felt. He followed the guy's actions and he wrapped his left arm around Eleven's small breasts, while his right hand found her pussy. "Is that...the clit?" He asked embarrassedly as his slim fingers fumbled around her pussy. He had never touched or seen one in real life, so he just hoped El could help him with that.

"Just put your hand inside. You can feel better." El guided his hand underneath the elastic of her waistband, leaving it to rest on her panty clad pussy. "You can get closer if you want to. If you want to move them, you can." El was trying to give instructions but the feeling of Mike ramming into her from behind along with his warm palm on her wet pussy was making it hard to think. Honestly she hoped he wouldn't settle for outside the panties because she was so turned on that she needed to feel contact.

Mike was silent the entire time El guided his hand on top of her panties. His hot breath was fanning close to her ear and El could feel his heart beating madly against her back. He hummed in approval and started rubbing small circles against her protruding area which he hoped was her clit. He made sure to rock back and forth against her ass the same time, his cock aching to get some friction. He found a rhythm between his thrusts and his hand movements soon after, even daring to cup her perky boobs sometimes and feel the weight in his hand. He huffed in annoyance after a while though; he couldn't seem to figure out where her sweet spot was so he yanked her panties aside as he continued to simulate fucking her from behind. He was shocked to feel how wet she actually was and it only made him grind harder over her ass, but he slowed down and gasped when his fingers finally settled on something that he hoped was the right thing. "Is that it?!"

El gasped and jumped a little when she finally felt Mike's fingers on her bare pussy, and they were right where she needed them to be. He was rubbing small circles on what she now knew had to be her clit and she didn't want him to stop. But while she had him there she thought she might as well take advantage of the opportunity. Her hand snaked down, joining Mike's in her pants. She held it over his own hand, making sure that he could keep two fingers on her clit, but coaxed his other ones lower. She wanted to feel him slide them inside her like she'd seen in the movie.

"Mike, can you touch...inside?"

"Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you," Mike said nervously from behind her, his head resting against hers as he continued to breathe close to her ear. His breathing was becoming more erratic though as he felt El's hand guiding his to her tight opening and he wished he hadn't given in so quickly, but he couldn't help himself. He started with his middle finger, gently pressing it around her sloppy entry until he could feel it being squeezed inside. "Shit, that's so tight, wow..." He muttered in shock, pumping his finger in and out of her as slow as possible. His movements were still tentative and he stopped moving his hips completely, only wanting to spend that time focusing on feeling the inside of Eleven's pussy.

The movie kept playing and the couple seemed to be doing the same thing but a lot rougher, yet Mike was completely mesmerized by the way his girlfriend felt on the inside.

El was getting more into it. Mike's finger was inside her and she suddenly had the urge to roll her hips back, to meet his cock as he rubbed it against her.

And she wanted to feel more even still. She guided his hand again, pushing it down slightly so that his thumb stayed on her clit but his fingers were all free to explore. He added another into her tight cunt and used the other digits to massage her lips. El's knees became weak.

"Don't stop. Oh, Mike, something...keep doing that. Feels so good."

Mike moaned when Eleven pushed back on his cock. That was his cue

to start grinding over her ass again and that combined with two of his fingers inside her pussy was too much to bear. He tried to hold himself back for as long as possible, but two minutes into their actions he came unexpectedly, the only thing that signaled his climax was a loud *OH!* escaping his lips before he thrust one more time and ejaculated inside his boxers. He tried to catch his breath as he stopped moving anything but his hand inside Eleven's panties, whispering close to her ear. "El...I just...came, but I can make the tingly feeling go away for you, too. Do you want that?" His voice was tired but teasing nonetheless as he continued to finger fuck her. His thumb rubbed her clit rigorously, hoping he could bring her to orgasm as well.

El just kept rocking her hips. His hand had the perfect rhythm and she didn't want to lose it.

"Mike what does it feel like when I come? I feel kind of like I need to pee but I don't think I do and I don't want to stop. Your hand feels so nice. I want you to do this all the time. Wait...it's stronger now. Keep doing...that. Mike! What is happening? No don't stop. I...I...oh fuuck!" El felt the waves of her first orgasm overtake her. She continued to ride Mike's fingers as her pussy gripped and pulsed and quivered around them.

"Let it go, El. It will feel so nice, I promise," Mike whispered reassuringly. His left hand was cupping her right breast while his right hand continued to play with her pussy until he could feel and hear her reach her orgasm. He was still amazed at how tight she could actually be and especially now as she climaxed. Her pussy had a vise-like grip on his fingers and he held them still, letting his thumb do the rest of the work. "Shit, your pussy is clenching my fingers," he mumbled in awe, enjoying the way her cunt would pulse around his two digits. He made sure she was tightly glued to his chest as she came since he could feel her knees shaking and about to give out, but he managed to keep her standing on her feet as she came all over his hand. When her cries and moans subsided, he gently removed his hand from her panties and kissed the side of her forehead before glancing at the TV. It was another couple and they were doing similar things, but Mike was no longer interested in watching any of that, not right then anyway. El had managed to make him feel way better than

he would have felt jerking himself off to porn.

"So um, anyway, that's one way you can make the tingly feeling go away. Do you feel better?" Mike asked as they cuddled on the sofa. He had inserted *Alien* and they had a blanket pulled around them.

"Yes, I feel better now. But what do you mean by *one way*?"

Author's Note: As always, for my favorite person. That Paladin part was for you but you know that. Love you lots. Thanks for reading. New update soon.

2. Chapter 2

Mike was walking downstairs from his bedroom when he heard the phone ring. He continued on his way to the kitchen, hearing his mother pick up the receiver and answer the phone just as he got to the hallway next to the kitchen. He paused just outside the room, listening to his mother's end of the conversation, and figured out that she was talking to Chief Hopper. From what Mike could decipher, it seemed that El would be staying with them on Friday nights for the next three weeks at least. He wasn't sure why but he was very excited at the prospect, especially after what happened two weeks prior.

But wait, Mike thought. *Today is Thursday*. That meant he'd get to be with her very next day.

Mike spent Thursday night moving the blanket fort closer to the TV in the basement, wanting to watch movies with El while they were in it.

Time crept along for Mike. He checked the clock constantly on Friday but finally he heard the Chief's truck pull into the driveway and just a minute later El appeared at his front door. After Hopper had a few words with Mike's mom he left and Karen Wheeler fed the two along with Holly. Mike and El scarfed down their food in record time.

"We're going to the basement, Mom. Gonna have a movie marathon." Mike cleared their dishes quickly and Karen was so impressed at his willingness to clean up that she didn't question him any further.

"Mike, can we watch that tape again?" El asked so innocently when they got down into the basement. Her eyes were big and curious and Mike could almost feel his resolve melting.

"That...tape?" Mike asked carefully. He tried to make sure they were on the same page because the last thing he wanted was to unintentionally play a movie of other people having sex. Not that he didn't enjoy it the last time; hell, his cock was sore from all the jerking off sessions that came after that night's events. He would sneak inside the basement every night and replay the exact same scenes he had watched with El as he pumped his cock and kept his

eyes closed. His fingers would twitch as he reminisced about the inside of his girlfriend's tight cunt and the way it pulsed around his hand and that was usually when he came, hot spurts of semen running down his fist and bubbling onto his stomach. Ever since then, he had just hoped another moment like that could come, but it still made his insides churn when El mentioned it.

El nodded. She hadn't been able to think of much else, how it felt for Mike to be rubbing (*bumping?*) into her and how it had made her feel. Especially while she was watching what was happening on the TV screen. She also couldn't stop thinking about how his hand had felt on her, how he made her feel wet and then amazing. She had wanted to talk about what had happened with Max but she hadn't had a chance. She wasn't really sure Max would be able to relate anyway. At home in her bedroom she had talked about it with her new cat, Paladin. He had a way of making it seem as though he was listening. She couldn't very well talk to Hopper about what had happened and she had to tell *someone*, and even though Hop had been surprisingly cool about letting her keep the kitten, El knew there was no way he was *that* cool.

She wanted to watch the tape with Mike again. Just thinking about it made her feel tingly. And she knew for certain she hadn't seen the whole thing. With Mike, she thought she might want to pretend or actually recreate everything she saw in the tape.

"Okay..." Taking in a deep breath, he crawled out of the fort and made his way to the VCR. His hands were shaky as he put the tape in, all kinds of thoughts swirling through his mind. He didn't quite know where this was going to take them. *Maybe she just wants to watch it, not do the same things we did last time*, he grimaced at the thought. Not that he would ever complain about it, but he was still hoping that more would come out of their experience watching other people having sex together.

It soon started. The couple was making out and Mike made sure to turn the volume lower before sitting back inside the tent next to his girlfriend. Their knees bumped as the scenes unfolded before their eyes and Mike gulped, trying his best to behave even though his dick was already starting to get hard.

El watched the screen, unable to look away. It was a scene that either she hadn't seen or she'd been too preoccupied to see the first time. The man was still clothed, both of them were actually. It looked like an office; the girl was some sort of secretary and the man was in a fancy suit, but not wearing the jacket.

El watched their interaction. It seemed that the man was the boss and the woman was his secretary but when she went into his office to give him some papers he made her stay.

She didn't seem to have a problem with that though. Before El knew it the secretary was kneeling before the boss and unzipping his dress pants.

"Mike, what's she doing?"

Having completely forgotten about this part, Mike's face indicated nothing but shock and embarrassment because he knew very well what the woman was about to do. Explaining it to his innocent girlfriend was another thing though so tried his best to gather up the courage to explain the moment as accurately and scientifically as possible, using no bad words and no indication whatsoever that he would die to have El do the same thing to him.

"She's...um...well...she's performing oral sex. This is another way of making your partner feel good," he murmured, his eyes fixed on the screen in front of them. "Makes the tingly feeling go away." His tone was nonchalant, but the beads of sweat forming on the side of his neck indicated his slight discomfort. He shifted his legs in the opposite direction from El as he tried to cover his erection. It didn't help at all that the actress was now letting her saliva fall down onto the man's cock before she put it in her mouth and bobbed her head slowly.

El was a studious person. She had to be since she had missed out on so much already. She noticed the subtle changes in how Mike held his body and how he couldn't look away from the TV screen. She wanted to know exactly what he found so fascinating.

"So, what she's doing now? Is that good? But what is she doing? I can see she's putting her mouth on him but what is she doing that's

making him make those noises? And is it a good thing? Because Mike, if it is I want to try doing it to you. But if it's not then we can move on."

Snapping his head in El's direction, Mike looked at her with wide eyes. He was mainly expecting El to be grossed out by what she was seeing, yet he could only read genuine interest and honesty in her features. "It's called a blowjob. She is sucking his...penis," he cringed, his jaw clenching as soon as the words left his mouth. Mike had definitely always been a polite kid, but that didn't mean he didn't talk dirty around his guy friends. Using the formal term instead of cock sounded weird and he had to pause for a second before continuing: "It doesn't feel good for the woman, but it does for the man. That's what oral sex does. Making one of the partners feel good." *Or both if they're positioned correctly*, he thought to himself and was glad he didn't say that out loud.

"Do you want to try it?" El asked. She had moved from her position lying back on some pillows and was on her knees. "Is that something you want to feel?"

It seemed like the only coping mechanism for the situation at hand was to laugh and that was what Mike did. It was a short and shy laugh, one that indicated how shocked he was by his sweet girlfriend's proposal. Even so, once he realized El was firm and willing to do this his face turned stoic because he definitely didn't anticipate something so intimate to happen. Sure, he had showered before she came over and had even shaved some days ago, but that didn't stop him from panicking.

"Are you serious?" He asked in disbelief, his eyes following hers the entire time. If he saw any trace of hesitation on Eleven's face, he would immediately back off. But for now, she seemed so convinced that he dared to reposition himself and lay down on his back and spread his legs slightly, looking up at her with analytical eyes.

El looked at Mike, he was lying on his back and she quickly calculated that she could position herself in such a way where she could continue to see the TV and also do to him what she was currently watching on screen.

"Mike, can I do it? Do you want that?" Without realizing it El had started stroking him over his shorts between his legs.

"I- I do..." Mike was fascinated. He watched her delicate hand stroking his erect dick over the shorts and he let out a shaky breath. He could still hear the slurping noises the woman made, but it was all background noise now that El had turned all of her attention towards him.

And then it dawned upon him. El had never seen his dick before. Even though she had seen a few cocks because of the porn movie, she had never seen one in real life. Not to mention that all those guys were bigger than Mike's still developing prick. A wave of self-consciousness hit him harder than ever and his face turned red within seconds as he thought of ever thing that could go wrong. *What if she'll laugh at me? What if she thinks my dick's disgusting? What if I smell funny?*

"El," his voice came out as squeaky as he mouthed her name and placed his hand on top of hers to stop her movements. "Before we get there," he squirmed, trying his best to seem confident even though it was to no avail. "I'm not like...them, you know," he motioned at the TV then back at his erection. Even people he knew in real life were bigger than him. Lucas definitely was and although he never really cared about that, he suddenly felt timid now that his girlfriend was about to see him.

"I'm not sure what you're talking about, but no one else is you, Mike. You are the only one I'd want to do this with. You're the only person I'll let touch me. You're my favorite, please don't compare yourself to strangers." El hadn't been sure of what he was talking about but she was sure of how he made her feel, and she wanted to do the same for him.

"So I should just lick it? Like this?" El had unzipped his shorts, causing the tent like area in Mike's boxers to be exposed. She rubbed her face in it, much to Mike's disbelief. Then she had removed his stiff cock from the confines of his shorts.

"So I just lick it?" El asked again as her tongue touched his shaft for the first time.

"Oh, fuck," Mike mumbled almost inaudibly when he felt his girlfriend's tongue on his cock, craning his neck to see exactly what she was doing. The self-awareness was still there and he tried his best to fight the instinct of judging himself too harshly. Besides, El seemed okay with everything that was happening and she hadn't shown any signs of disgust so far.

He wondered if she had any idea how amazingly sexy she looked on her knees gripping his cock, but he doubted she was even slightly aware of it. Even her lack of experience turned Mike on and a part of him was excited to teach her everything about oral sex. "Y-Yeah...you can do that," he whispered encouragingly, one of his hands coming up to her hair so he could push it behind her ear. He wanted to see everything.

El had her hand on Mike's hard cock. She was on her knees in the fort and kind of marveled at how it twitched in her hand when she touched it. She bent her head slightly and let her tongue brush against his tip. Then she started making bigger swipes with her tongue, treating it somewhat like a lollipop. Finally she started putting the entire thing in her mouth.

"Like this?" She asked, and Mike's cock disappeared past her lips. She could feel it on the roof of her mouth and then on the back of her throat.

Mike's eyes rolled in the back of his head when his girlfriend swallowed him. He had heard from other guys in school of how amazing it was to have your dick sucked, but he would have never imagined it would be that good. "Yeah, like that," he moaned low in his throat, bringing his right hand to Eleven's cheek. It was so smooth over his large hand and he marveled at the scene in front of him, still trying to come to terms with the fact that Eleven's plush lips were wrapped around his throbbing cock.

But then he felt a slight discomfort and he winced in pain before carefully removing El's mouth from around his dick. "You're doing awesome, but...can you try not to use your teeth? It hurts a little." His tone was soft and anything but scolding, but he still felt bad for having to say that. He didn't want to hurt El or make her feel bad in any shape or form, but he figured that communication was the key to

a good experience for both of them.

To be honest, from what El could see on the TV she was mimicking what she was seeing quite well but she didn't know the mechanics of sucking cock. When Mike suggested she maybe try to hold back on using her teeth it made sense to her. From that point she tried her hardest to only use her lips and her tongue.

El focused first on his shaft. She was still a little mesmerized by seeing his rigid dick right in front of her face. She opened her mouth wider, making sure to keep her teeth out of the way, and let her tongue travel down the length of it, from the top to the bottom. On her second pass she cupped his balls in her hand like she'd seen on the video. Mike moaned so she knew she'd done something right.

She licked hard but then she started just barely touching him with her tongue, still making the same path up and down. It was fascinating to her how he would twitch more when she barely touched him. After a minute or two of that she wrapped her lips around the tip and started to suck. She was getting the hang of it. She took more of him in, her mouth feeling wet, making him slide across her lips easily.

"Fuck, I-" Mike's breathing was uneven, his chest rising and falling with every swipe of his girlfriend's tongue across his throbbing cock. He would alternate between keeping his head down on the pillow and propping his upper body up with his elbows to see, not just feel, what El was doing to him. "I might come...too early...if you keep doing that," he admitted, embarrassed, unable to take his eyes off his girlfriend's face at the moment. He'd dreamed about this moment before, but watching it happen was almost too much to handle. The way her perfect lips barely fit around his girth and how she wasn't even shy to look him in the eye as she did that drew him closer to the edge, causing him to spasm under her body, his hands clenching into tight fists.

"I really...might come." This time his tone was more urgent and it sounded more like a warning. He didn't even know if he should stop her before doing that and come on himself or just let himself loose and shoot his load inside her warm mouth and as much as he tried to make a decision, he couldn't. He found it impossible to concentrate as

Eleven kept sucking his cock so good and it didn't help at all to see her cheeks hollowing as she sucked the air in along with his shaft.

"It's so tight and warm," he added, but he was mainly talking to himself and comparing his experience to his own hand and this new thing that was so much better than he had ever imagined. He closed his eyes and as his sense of vision shut down he realized the moment was only intensified now that he was focused on the way she sucked his cock only.

El liked hearing what Mike was saying as she licked and sucked on his hard cock. It made her feel good to know he was enjoying it. Having his cock in her mouth, feeling how soft the skin was, tasting the slightest bit of saltiness, not really knowing where it was coming from but not repulsed by it at all, was having an effect on her too. She had gotten wet again when they started the movie but now that she was kneeling between Mike's legs with him in her mouth, hearing him talk almost to himself about what she was doing, she was a complete mess. She knew her panties were soaked.

Mike kept saying he might come. She knew what that was. She had only seen it happen in the movie though. But it was Mike, *her Mike*, so if he wanted to come she wanted to make him do it. She sucked harder, using her tongue to massage his shaft as she went down.

It was shocking how much of a difference a few minutes made. El was getting better with every bob she made up and down Mike's shaft and all he could do was moan and writhe beneath her. His reactions only grew stronger as the seconds passed by, but once she started stroking his cock with her tongue while sucking him he felt his balls tightening. It was all too much too bear and he prepared for his upcoming orgasm, his fingers gently wrapping around a few strands of his girlfriend's brown hair so he could pull her mouth off of him.

"Gonna come...it's gonna happe-" Mike stopped talking as he felt the first string of come leaving the swollen tip of his cock and amidst the euphoric moment, he panicked for a second. "Oh, oh god...I'm coming...fuck," he said with alarm as he tried to look at El, but the orgasm was so intense his vision went white for a split second before he quickly managed to remove Eleven's mouth from his cock. He didn't know what to do first, the powerful orgasm turning him into a

complete mess and even though he initially tried to grab his cock and aim it towards his stomach, most of the semen landed on Eleven's nose and chin before he finally gripped his dick, but it was already too late. His girlfriend's face was partially covered in his salty come and as much as he wanted to apologize right after, his ears were still ringing and his body was convulsing in the aftermath so he just lay his head back down on the pillow and breathed heavily.

El was surprised a bit when Mike suddenly spasmed and her mouth was filled with a warm, salty substance. Mike quickly pushed her head away but that only served to put her in the perfect spot to watch his come shooting out of his cock. It was shooting onto her face but she really didn't mind, so caught up in watching him. Her hand was still cupping his balls absentmindedly and she could feel them tighten and then pulse.

When Mike finally stopped squirting white stuff from his cock he seemed tired. He was lying back on the pillows. The movie was still playing and El was still feeling very, *horny*, Mike had told her it was called, so she watched. She could hear Mike breathing heavily next to her as he recovered.

El snuck her hand into her pants. "Did you like that, Mike? Did I do a good job?" She wanted to look at him as she asked, wanting to be attentive, but she couldn't look away from the TV screen. It was something she had never imagined. El was watching as two women rubbed their pussies together, *where's the hair?* El thought to herself, and although she didn't know how that could possibly work, she was intrigued and wanted to keep watching.

"Y-Yeah," Mike said absentmindedly, a dumb smile plastered across his face before he sat up to look at his girlfriend. She had her hand inside her panties while there was still come on her face and he cupped his softening cock immediately, not wanting to let his erection die out. Not when El looked like that.

"Come here," he said before removing his shirt and using it to wipe the semen off Eleven's face. His touch was delicate and he took a moment to admire how angelic she was before leaning in and pressing a gentle kiss on her lips. "I'm sorry for that," he murmured sheepishly as they broke apart.

When he glanced down, Eleven's hand was still under her clothes and he carefully eased her back onto the floor of the fort before tugging at the hem of her sweatpants. "Is it okay?"

El nodded, too caught up in watching the movie and touching herself to care about boundaries. Soon she was only in her panties and bra, her hand still underneath the fabric of her underwear. She glanced at Mike.

"You're still wearing shorts, Mike. That doesn't seem fair."

"I guess," Mike grinned and removed his shorts immediately before positioning himself between El's legs and hovering over her petite form. It was then when he realized her attention was still on the movie and he glanced to see what was going on. He bit his lip when he saw the two women rubbing their pussies together and moaning and he wondered if El wanted to do that instead of playing with him. "That's...two women...that can happen too. Or two men," he informed her nonetheless, unsure of what to do next. He wanted to kiss her and make her feel as good as she'd made him feel, especially since his cock was fully erect again and throbbing against her panties.

El could hear the uncertainty in Mike's voice as he explained what she was seeing.

"Mike, I like watching it. I only want to do it with you though. I didn't know that could happen and it's interesting." For the first time in minutes El pulled her attention away from the screen and looked Mike in the eye. "Do you like to watch it too?" She asked.

"Well, yeah," Mike admitted in embarrassment, his cheeks turning red within seconds. He had never said it to anyone else before but he did in fact enjoy seeing two women together. "It's not very different from...this," he whispered close to her mouth and emphasized the last word with a thrust of his hips, pushing his erect cock over his girlfriend's soaking cunt. Even through their underwear he could still feel how wet she was and that elicited a small moan from Mike.

From El's position in the fort, she was kind of sideways so even with Mike on top of her all she had to do was turn her head slightly and she could still see the TV. She discovered quickly that feeling Mike

push into her, (*was he bumping her?*) while she was watching and listening to the movie was only turning her on more. In fact, she thought that tonight she might even feel more turned on than when they had first experimented two weeks earlier.

"This feels good," El whispered as Mike pushed his rigid dick onto her again. She felt like she wanted to meet him when he did it, to increase the force. She liked how it felt when he pressed himself against her pussy. And this time they were both just in their underwear. The feeling was so much more intense.

El's words only encouraged Mike to go further and he let his mouth travel down her chin and to her neck, nibbling on the soft skin as he continued to grind his cock over her pussy. He was expecting to be more bothered by the fact that the girl he loved so much wasn't fully paying attention to him, but in reality it turned him on to know that she was watching two women now eating each other out while he mock fucked her.

He rested his upper body on his elbows and his hands came up to her chest so he could play with her small boobs, kissing the exposed parts that the bra didn't cover and cupping both of them with his lanky fingers. "Can I take this off?" His tone was tentative but he was eaten up with curiosity to see her breasts for the first time.

"Yes," El answered. "You're so warm. This feels nice." It had finally occurred to her that this was the first time her skin had been pressed so firmly against Mike's, the first time their naked torsos had touched. She liked the feeling.

Mike was exploring her breasts so El moved her hands down to his ass. She pulled him into her more, wanting to feel him bump into her again.

"Mike, do that thing again. Where you move on top of me." She knew she probably sounded dumb but she knew also that Mike would never say that and that he would teach her later the correct phrases.

To emphasize her point, El thrust her hips up, trying to get Mike's cock back where she wanted it. It was inside his boxers again but she had been able to see the thick outline of it before he climbed on top

of her. Now she wanted him to touch her with it.

"Give me a moment," Mike murmured, completely mesmerized by his girlfriend's small breasts. It was his first time seeing and touching her boobs for real, his first time cupping the softness in his palms, and he looked down at them, his mouth parted in awe "You're really beautiful," he smiled sincerely and glanced at his girlfriend before leaning in and kissing one of her breasts, while his fingers fondled the other one. He made sure that not a single inch of her chest remained unattended by his mouth, his saliva generously coating her nipples as he sucked and swirled his tongue around them. In the end, he released her right breast with a *pop* and repositioned himself so that the outline of his cock would graze over Eleven's womanhood and he thrust again, looking at her as he did so.

"I love you," he whispered as he held her gaze. He was horny beyond words, but he couldn't help but feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside. He could have never hoped for something like this to happen so soon and although it still kind of scared him that one of the adults might find out, he couldn't worry that much about that. At least not now, when he and El reached a whole new level in their relationship; one that implied a lot less clothes and a lot more trust and passion.

El looked up at Mike. She loved how it felt when he put his weight on her, bumping his cock against her, or whatever he was doing. It seemed to her that bumping was a good term. Her eyes went back and forth from his face to her own panty covered center. She liked seeing the outline of Mike's cock pressing into her slit, causing an indentation in her wet panties. Her breathing was getting heavier and she could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

"Mike, keep moving like that but can you do it harder? It feels good like this so harder should be even better." El continued to flex and tilt her hips to meet his thrusting.

"I love this. I love you too," El panted, meeting Mike's eyes with her own.

Mike only nodded, obliging his girlfriend's request immediately as he snapped his hips forward. He made sure to apply more pressure this time and let his cock linger over her covered pussy, moaning at the

strong contact. He did it repeatedly, his hips soon finding a steady rhythm as he continued to simulate the action of fucking. He figured it probably wasn't like the real deal and he could only dream of the moment his cock would be eventually buried inside El's tight and wet cunt, but for now this did more than enough for him. He heaved, his skinny, ivory chest pressing over her boobs and it definitely contributed to the blissful experience and multiplied his enjoyment tenfold.

El felt the difference in Mike's new way of moving. It was exactly what she needed. Every time he moved forward she felt the tip of his cock graze over her clit and even through her panties it was enough to cause her abdomen to tighten. She was so wet that every time he thrust forward she could hear squishing sounds. His right hand was in her hair, his left on her breast. He eased himself closer to her, never stopping his rhythm. His thumb and forefinger gently pinched her nipple as his mouth found hers. Having him kiss her like this while she could feel him stimulating her clit with his cock was perhaps the best thing she'd felt.

"Don't stop," El said between kisses, whispering, not wanting to pull her head too far from his. "Mike, please don't stop. You feel too good. I feel like...just don't stop."

Mike did as he was told, never stopping the movement of his hips against hers. He could barely breathe from all the effort of pushing back and forth, but that didn't stop him from kissing Eleven relentlessly. He explored every part of her mouth, his tongue lapping over hers before he resumed pecking her lips then going back to slipping his tongue inside her mouth.

The sound of his cock snapping over her cunt made him moan louder and he loved to hear the proof of their actions. It only made him increase the speed and he could feel his second orgasm approaching, but this time he was determined not to stop before he made Eleven come first.

"I can't wait until we do this for real...you were so tight when I put my fingers inside you," he whispered over her mouth, the euphoric moment giving him the impulse to be bold as he continued to grind over her.

El heard that sentence loud and clear, even though Mike had whispered it. The idea was quite appealing. But for now, for today, she was content to enjoy the way it felt to have Mike on top of her like this. As much as she too now wanted the real thing, to stop pretending, she thought for now imagining how it would feel was still pretty fun.

And Mike was moving on her so well. She could remember vividly how she'd felt just before she came last time. She knew she was quickly approaching the same outcome.

"Mike, I think I'm g-going to come. I think what you're doing is going to m-make me c-ome. Is that okay? Can I d-do that? You don't have to st-stop or anything." El's words were breathed out, hitched, because the sensation of Mike rubbing her most sensitive area was making it hard to speak.

"You can." Mike reassured her with a small kiss before sitting up on his knees. This time he wanted to see Eleven's face as she came and he continued to thrust back and forth over her womanhood, his cock rubbing her clit over and over again as he gripped her hips . It helped him maneuver her more easily and be sure that he was reaching all the right spots. And it seemed like he was reaching them, now that she was a writhing mess, moaning and grinding back against him.

He stared at the way her boobs bounced up and down along with his movements, how the soft strands of her hair cascaded over her shoulders and moved around and how she kept her mouth parted and he knew he was definitely going to come very soon.

"I'm close...too..." he groaned, his brows furrowing as he continued to dry hump his girlfriend and tried not to give in before her El was there. Mike's new position not only felt different and somehow *better* but now she could see him more, could see his chest muscles tighten with every thrust. She liked watching him run his boxers-clad cock over her, liked how he gave extra attention to her clit, making sure she felt the entire length of his member. She also liked the look on his face. He looked determined and focused and beautiful. He looked like Mike.

She could feel her orgasm building, like a tidal wave that was almost

at its peak. Her wave was going to flood the fort when it crashed. She knew it.

"Mike, oh, Mike, I'm gonna come. Y-your cock is d-doing it. You're making m-me come." As El stammered her words she also reached between her legs. She found Mike's cock without looking and gently but firmly held it on her clit, pressing it where she wanted it, as her body started to shudder.

"Oohh, unh, yesssssss."

A loud moan escaped Mike's throat as Eleven cupped his cock and kept it over her sweet spot and it seemed like the firm touch was the only thing that separated him from his impending orgasm.

"O-Oh, I'm-" he closed his eyes and pushed himself as hard as possible over her pussy, hard enough that he stumbled forward and landed with his elbows on either side of her small body. He came at the same moment, hot spurts of come unloading from his cock and staining his boxers. It seeped through Eleven's panties as well and he painted both pairs of underwear with his semen, but he was too preoccupied moaning and burying his head inside the crook Eleven's neck to care.

"Shit," he mumbled as he tried to regain his strength, his chest heaving against his girlfriend's bare one and he sighed in exhaustion. "That was awesome."

El had to agree. As she lay there underneath Mike, recovering her breath and reveling in the afterglow of her orgasm, she couldn't help but look back at the TV screen. Something new was taking place and although she now felt very tired she was definitely interested in learning more about what was happening on the screen.

"Mike? What is she doing?" El watched so intently, trying to memorize what she was seeing.

"Oh?" After averting his eyes on the TV screen, Mike pulled his girlfriend into a tight embrace and mumbled tiredly. "Well, I overheard my mom talking to the Chief and you'll be spending the Fridays over our place for a while. I'll tell you more about that if you

want to watch the rest the next time." It was his more or less subtle way of trying to make sure that this wouldn't be their last time having so much fun.

"As long as you tell me everything. I want to know it all." El snuggled into Mike and closed her eyes, falling asleep soon after.

Author's Note: Thanks so much for reading! Chapter 3 will be out early next week, unless plans get changed. This will probably be four chapters but I may slip a fifth in here...not sure yet. Definitely having a great time writing this, the creative process I'm using is out of this world, in my opinion. My helper is only my favorite person in existence. Easily.

3. Chapter 3

The entire week leading up to her next sleepover at the Wheelers while Hopper had to work, El could only think about the things she'd done with Mike the previous times, the tape, and how she wanted to do it all more.

Hopper had been watching the end of a basketball game that had gone into overtime so they were running late. By the time he dropped her off at Mike's it was past dinnertime and already dark outside.

"Hey Karen, sorry we're late. I got caught up in the Hoosier game. She hasn't eaten anything and I know it's late." Hopper apologized.

"Nonsense. I can make her something right now. It's not a problem at all. We love having her here!" Karen gushed.

"You be good. I'll see you tomorrow. Stay inside." Hopper said to El, ruffling her hair.

"They always do. They'll be in the basement having a movie marathon and I won't even see them. Mike loves it when El stays over." Karen offered.

They bid goodnight to Hopper and went into the kitchen.

"Mike is supposed to be upstairs taking a shower. I'll make you some dinner while he's doing that."

"Really a sandwich would be fine. I'm not that hungry." El said.

"A sandwich is no problem. Why don't I just make it for you and you can take it to the basement. It'll give you a chance to choose the movie before Mike gets down there and maybe you can watch something *you* want for a change." Karen laughed.

So El took her sandwich, a Karen Wheeler turkey and Swiss with lettuce, tomato, and mustard on freshly baked bread, down to the basement. She set the sandwich down and got changed into her sleep clothes. She had brought her Benny's Burgers shirt to sleep in and while it was now a little shorter it still came to about her mid upper-

thigh. She remembered what Karen had said about picking a movie. She knew exactly what movie she wanted to watch.

She put the tape in the VCR. Surely Mike wouldn't mind if she watched some on her own.

Pressing play, El watched what was happening on the screen. She hadn't bothered to rewind or fast forward so the tape was just wherever it had been when last they watched but she didn't remember this part.

El was standing right in front of the TV watching a woman who was probably not that much older than El herself. She was lying back on a bed and wearing what El knew were called garters because Nancy had given her an informatory lesson in female undergarments. They were black and attached to pantyhose that went to the woman's thighs but she was not wearing any panties.

El was intrigued.

The girl on the screen was touching herself, using one hand to hold herself open and El could see everything.

El started to get wet.

Shimmying out of her panties, El moved to the D&D table behind her. It was a new table and much sturdier than the old one. She climbed on top of it. She watched the screen closely, wanting to get it right.

El brought her knees up, letting her heels rest on the table, and started doing what she saw the woman doing. She thought it felt really good. Watching it while she was doing it was turning her on even more. She was holding her lips open with her left hand while her right hand at first teased and then she started rubbing more, letting her fingers dip inside. She wasn't in a hurry, wanting to make it last.

Mike didn't need to be told by his mother to take a shower; he was planning on doing that anyway now that El was spending the night over. He knew to make sure that he was thoroughly clean, especially after the way he had spent the last few weeks with El. He obviously

couldn't recount the number of times he had jerked off to the memories of fingering El and having her pretty mouth tightly wrapped around his cock. But nothing would ever feel better than the real thing and as much as he would beat his dick off late at night when everyone else was asleep, he was more than thrilled to hopefully do more things with his girlfriend.

Droplets of water dripped down his neck, the ends of his dark hair still wet as he stepped into the basement. His boldness came through tonight and he decided not to put on underwear, only wearing his gray sweatpants and a white tee shirt as he walked down the sturdy stairs.

But to his shock, El didn't hear him. In fact, he was pretty sure she couldn't see or hear anything besides the woman on the video tape that Mike was now also watching from behind El. She didn't sense him at all and it was obvious to him now that she was whispering his name under her breath and pumping her hand in and out of her.

Mike was dumbfounded. He stood there, in total silence, watching the moment unfold before his eyes. He couldn't exactly see what El was doing, but he assumed she was mimicking the woman in the video. Two slick fingers opened the woman's cunt as she moaned and rubbed her clit with her other hand and Mike figured that if this was what his girlfriend was doing, he might come in his pants right then and there. His cock was already leaking precum and almost to its full potential, so it wouldn't come as a surprise if he actually did cream his pants.

But he didn't want to do that, at least not until he could see El in her splendor. So he sheepishly stepped in front of her, his eyes glancing down as his suspicions were confirmed before he looked back up at her.

"I see you decided not to wait for me," he almost laughed, his smile as soft as his eyes.

El jerked when she finally noticed Mike. She had been so caught up in trying to do exactly what she was seeing on the TV, so pleasantly surprised to find that it didn't just look good, it felt good. Even when Mike's presence registered in her brain she didn't stop what she was

doing. She had her first two fingers in her cunt, pushing them in and then grinding herself into them, while she flicked her clit with her thumb.

"It feels good when I do this."

Her eyes went back to the screen. The woman had moved one hand and was pinching her nipple. El wanted to try that. She moved the hand that she had been using to hold herself open, sliding it up until she gripped her naked breast. It felt good but she missed both hands on her pussy.

"Mike, can you help? It's better with two hands."

Mike watched El from a distance, his cock twitching when she moved her hands to her breasts and he managed to get a better look at his girlfriend's virgin cunt. It was his first time seeing it bare and open and he had already decided that he wanted to spend an eternity buried right there.

"Yeah," he whispered as he snapped out of his trance. He felt stupid anyway just standing there without helping.

Closing the distance between them, he captured El's lips in a kiss. It was soft and tentative, but his left hand went down to her pussy anyway and he touched it without hesitation. His index and middle fingers examined the wetness and his hand bumped against El's. He didn't know exactly what she wanted him to do, but he had already made up his mind about something.

"Is it okay...if I...kiss you...down there?" He mumbled shyly, his lips now pressing over her exposed juncture. "I really want to." His tone was almost pleading, his mouth adding more pressure to her neck as he grew impatient.

El nodded. She actually had enjoyed having Mike's hard cock in her mouth the week before and she wondered how it would feel to have Mike's mouth on her.

"What should I do? Are you sure you want to?" El knew that she was much different down there than Mike and she wanted to know he

really wanted to do it and wasn't just being his normal perfectly nice Mike self.

"You have no idea," he whispered absentmindedly, his entire focus being on the way her hot skin felt over his mouth. He didn't ignore her breasts as his head traveled down and he made sure to suck each one of her nipples before going lower.

Being horny was all he could characterize himself as at the time being, but as he almost reached her pussy, a wave of doubt took over him. He was scared he wouldn't know what to do or how to please El, but he was going to try anyway. His main goal was to taste her first and foremost.

When his plush lips ended on her clit, he took in a deep breath and his lungs were filled with her smell. It was intoxicating; El's shower gel scent mixed with her own flavor only made his cock throb harder and he had already brought a hand down to his shaft and had given it a generous squeeze to release some tension.

He was still unsure of what to do, but he stuck his tongue out and lapped at her juices, making his way up and down her slit a few times before swallowing it all.

"Fuck," he murmured in awe. It was mindblowing how good someone could actually taste and Mike had never expected that.

As Mike dropped to his knees El could see that his head was perfectly aligned with her. She was glad she had chosen the table. Her instincts told her to reach down and grab his head but since this was new she just watched.

She could feel his tongue on her, feel how he would move it back and forth. It tickled a little but not in a way that made her want him to stop. It made her want more.

She found herself spreading her knees further apart, giving him more room. She could feel his nose sometimes bump against her clit while he was moving his face back and forth.

"Is that what it feels like when I do it to you? This feels even better

than my hand. I didn't know." She was already panting. The light from the TV reflected off her inner thighs, they were so slick with her juices

"I hope it does," Mike whispered but mainly to himself as he concentrated on what to do next. He had already found out from their previous activities that her clit was a sensitive spot so he paid extra attention to it, but he still couldn't help himself from sometimes going lower and diving right into her tight hole and scooping her juices out so he could take everything inside his mouth. The liquid was slimy and not even remotely as bitter as his own come and he loved it.

He loved it so much that he started slurping on his girlfriend's sloppy cunt, drinking every little droplet and never running out of it. That indicated him that El was enjoying it too so he continued his efforts, learning that she liked it when the tip of his tongue pressed firmly on her clit and he flicked it around.

"Am I doing good? Do you like my tongue on your pussy?" He asked as he raised his head enough to look El in the eye. His pupils were blown and his tone was raspy with need, but the way his eyebrows quirked up showed that he was still a little insecure about his performance.

El had lifted her shirt up but wasn't happy with how it kept falling back down and obscuring her vision so in one swoop she threw it off, leaving her completely naked on the table. She leaned back, resting on her elbows so she could still watch.

"Yes. You're doing so good. Don't stop doing it."

She was tilting her hips to meet his tongue as he started to dart it inside of her.

"Yeah. That. Keep doing that," she said as Mike tried to see how far his tongue would actually go into her. She liked how his face being there pushed her pussy lips apart and she could feel his warm cheeks with them as his tongue worked inside. She kept the rhythm she had going with her hips, not really being able to stop.

Mike obliged instantly, gently pushing El backwards on the table so he could lean his chest against the wooden surface. His hands gripped her hips tightly as he dove right in, his tongue penetrating her tight cunt with firm and deep thrusts. He wiggled his tongue inside her every once in a while, only to retract and go back to slurping every ounce of her juices.

But he still had one more thing on his mind and that was to examine his girlfriend's pussy. He had never seen one in real life so up close and he was dying to. His movements stopped completely as he looked at her genitals, a long finger slowly running up and down her wet folds as he inspected every inch of her exposed pussy.

He could see her hole fluttering as his warm breath fanned over it and he bit his lip, dumbstruck at how different and erotic it all was.

"I can see inside you," he murmured filled with astonishment. Bringing his other hand to her pussy as well, he held her lips spread before closing the distance again and burying his whole face into her dripping cunt. He slurped, licked and sucked every bit with an eagerness he couldn't control even if he wanted to.

Hearing Mike say that caused a fresh gush of wetness on El's part. She thought the table was probably covered by this point. She looked at Mike, watching him inspect her with a look of astonishment on his face.

"You can? Do you like it? I like what you're doing. I want you to keep doing it, Mike. Um, if you want to."

El hoped he wanted to because the feel of his tongue on her was exquisite and she very much liked it when he stopped and ran his fingers over her. It felt amazing and when he went back to licking her again after doing that everything felt more intense.

"I won't stop until you tell me to," he mumbled against her pussy, glancing up at her and holding her gaze for a few seconds. His determination and willingness were written all over his features and El knew in that moment that her boyfriend really meant his words.

Mike was still partially displeased with his actions. He wanted to feel

all of El's wet cunt all over his face and he didn't achieve that until he grabbed her thighs and pulled her impossibly close to him. The entire lower half of his face was now deeply buried into her pussy and he made sure to reach everything, feel every bump and crevice of her pussy that was still something so foreign and enticing to him.

One of his hands dropped under the table after a while and he used it to push his sweatpants lower and free his twitching cock. The precum had already seeped through the fabric and slicked the swollen head of his cock nicely so he found it easy to pump himself at the same time he ate El's pussy out.

"My tongue is fucking you, El... I can feel your insides with my tongue," he murmured in a daze, moaning as he jerked his cock faster and sucked on his girlfriend's pussy at the same increasing pace.

When Mike had looked at her and said, "I won't stop until you tell me to," El knew he wasn't just talking about eating her out. He had meant he'd never stop loving her.

When he started talking dirtier she let herself grab his head and shoved his face into her. "Yes, fuck me with your tongue, Mike. The girl on the screen isn't getting that. She's missing out. She should get a Mike."

El felt his tongue inside her. She liked how strongly he was holding her hips, making her be where he wanted her. She liked not feeling powerful.

She was suddenly surprised when he inserted his finger, curling it just a little. His lips went back to her clit, occasionally dipping down to lick her entirely before resuming sucking on her swollen little bud.

"Mike...oh, don't stop that. Please keep doing that. Your tongue...and don't stop your fingers. I'm gonna...I'm about to come. Mike...Mike!"

She tried not to scream too loudly but the feeling of Mike's mouth on her as she came was so new and so deliciously amazing that she couldn't stifle herself entirely.

She was rhythmically bucking her hips as the pulse of her orgasm

rippled through her.

Mike's cue to leave his cock unattended was Eleven's impending orgasm and that was what he did, bringing his right hand to steady her hips and keep her in place as he finger fucked her and licked her clit. He didn't stop for a single second, figuring it was safe to put two fingers inside her tight cunt since she had already spread herself open earlier. He curled and scissored his digits as much as it was safe to do without hurting her, his mouth licking and sucking so hard on her clit he knew it was driving her crazy. It was obvious from the way she thrashed against him and he tried to keep her in place the best he could, his face buried in her pussy the entire time she convulsed as she came.

When her orgasm seemed to subside, he gently removed his fingers but continued to kiss her pussy and everything around it, placing soothing kisses all over her thighs until she seemed to have calmed down.

And yet he was still aching to be touched and his balls hurt at how much he was craving his girlfriend's body glued to his.

In a swift motion, he removed his shirt and shimmied out of his sweatpants before grabbing Eleven's hand and slowly leading her on shaking knees to the sofa. He lay down on his back and pulled her on top of him, their hands still intertwined.

"Do you think...we could do that thing? Without our clothes on? Is that okay?" He asked unsurely, his free hand already gripping his hard cock and pumping it lazily.

El was sitting on his knees for now and he knew she must've been tired. Besides, he didn't want to pressure her into doing this new thing they hadn't tried before. But even so, he would have died just to feel her wet cunt rubbing over his exposed cock.

"You mean where we bump? Like bump together? I think I'd like that."

El realized that she was feeling her skin completely against Mike, no barriers of underwear between them, for the first time. She leaned

forward so she could feel her chest against his

When she did that she could feel his hard dick between her legs. The head was near her belly button and his shaft rested in her slit once she'd shifted to feel their chests together. She felt herself get wet all over again.

"Yeah, bump together." Mike had to bite his lip to stifle a chuckle. There were times when he would forget that El was still learning the proper terms assigned to every little action, but he found it endearing. She was innocent and sweet, yet sensual at the same time and it drove him insane.

Especially now that he could feel his cock being enveloped by her pussy lips and he let out a soft moan, bucking his hips upward involuntarily.

"Look down," he instructed her, although his voice was not necessarily demanding. It was just his curiosity and astonishment taking over him as he marveled at the way their bodies united. "Your pussy is on my dick. You're getting it slick with your wetness, shit..." He could see the tip of his cock peeking from between her lips and it took all of his might not to forcefully grab his girlfriend's hips and pound her until he came.

El looked down. Mike's cock was sandwiched between her lips. She could see it glistening with her arousal. She didn't even know when she started moving, so glued to watching his cock slide back and forth. She'd move down until she felt his balls brush against her naked ass and then move back up. She was going slowly, enjoying watching his dick almost disappear and then reappear.

"Like that? Is that good? I like going slow but it might be nice to go fast. Should I try that?"

"Y-Yeah, try faster," Mike almost pleaded, his breath hitched as he watched his girlfriend take over control and rub her pussy over his shaft.

He guided her hips, thrusting upward every once in a while and pressing the red tip of his cock over her swollen clit for a few seconds

before letting her slide back and forth again.

"You feel so good," he murmured, closing his eyes and the more El increased her pace, the more he moaned and bucked his hips against her.

His arms went up after a while and he played with her breasts, fondling them and pinching her erect nipples as they continued to mimic fucking.

El was getting so caught up in the feeling.

"Oh, I like it when your cock touches me there," she said as Mike rubbed the head of his dick on her swollen clit. When she resumed moving she got a little overzealous and she moved up, Mike's cock and her pussy both super slick. When she came back down her eyes bulged. Mike's did too.

She had accidentally taken the tip of his cock inside her.

"I'm so sorry!" She almost cried. "Maybe we should switch so you have control. I'm not doing very well."

"Oh, shit," Mike's eyes grew tenfold as he felt his tip succumbing almost entirely to his girlfriend's small cunt. He was surprised he didn't come immediately after but he somehow didn't. Instead, he nodded furiously and brought his hands to El's pussy, massaging it gently. "Are you okay? Does it hurt?" It was obvious how worried he was, even though his cock continued to twitch over and over again at the thought of him almost entering her.

"I'm okay. Wanna get on top? You can probably do better." El wanted Mike to be in control but she couldn't stop thinking about him being inside her.

"Um, I was thinking..." He stopped, trying to find his words. "I mean, could I do it from behind? If you want to of course I mean I don't want to do it if you don't want to do it but I like it when I see your as-," he stopped again, this time more abruptly as his cheeks became flushed within mere seconds. He was embarrassed of his blunt admission and he mentally cursed himself for always saying the most

stupid things when he was rambling. "I'm sorry."

"What should I do? Just stand up? Or should I lean over the couch?" El was already hopping up, though she looked confused and wasn't sure what Mike wanted her to do. She definitely knew she wanted to feel him on her again though so she didn't want to waste time. She would do anything he wanted.

"Um, you can lean over the couch arm," Mike advised her and offered to help immediately. After she placed her hands on the end of the sofa, he carefully grabbed her thighs and pulled her backwards until she was sitting properly on her hands and knees. "Are you comfortable?" He asked as his legs pressed against her ass, his cock already probing between her thighs and he brought himself closer until his tip rubbed over slit.

"Yeah. I'm good." The feeling of Mike between her legs while his body was pressed against her ass was unlike anything she'd ever imagined. She sat up on her knees, reaching back and spreading her ass cheeks so she could feel him more. Then she went back to the position he'd put her in. She started moving herself back, feeling him slide.

"I'm sorry, Mike. I have to move. I need to feel it." El reached between her legs and pressed Mike's cock against her clit with her hand.

"I need to feel it there."

"Fuck, yes, do that," Mike encouraged her, letting El guide his cock over her clit every time he pushed forward. It was slow at first and he took his time, glancing down at her plump ass as he dared to squeeze it in his large hands.

He continued to rub his cock over her wet pussy, slowly increasing the speed of his rhythm as he pulled her against him by the ass. And yet, nothing prepared him for what he did next.

In a moment of braveness, he sneakily spread her ass cheeks apart and glanced down, only to see her tight pink asshole. His eyes widened for a second before he frowned and moaned, starting to thrust harder and faster over El as he kept looking down.

"Shit, that's so hot," he groaned, unable to take his eyes off his girlfriend's buttocks. He didn't know if she could tell what he was looking at and he was too shy to admit it anyway, but that didn't stop him from doing it at the same time his hips bucked forward and bumped over her clit repeatedly.

El felt Mike spread her ass apart, liking how it caused her to feel more of him. She was surprised when she felt his fingertip graze her asshole, just touching it lightly.

"Oh, that's nice. You can keep doing that. But don't stop bumping me too."

She was panting, her legs were wet almost down to her knees.

"Mike...keep touching me there. I think you're gonna make me come again. I'm gonna come all over your cock while you rub it on my pussy. Is that okay?"

"Yes, come on my cock," Mike replied almost inaudibly, his swollen tip continuing to graze over his girlfriend's clit while his shaft was buried between her wet pussy lips. He was still examining her asshole, his thumb rubbing small circles over it and he couldn't be happier that El gave him permission to touch her there. It was hairless, soft and wrinkly at the same time and he couldn't help but moan. "Can I come on your ass? I wanna see my come on your ass." Mike pleaded and explained, his pace increasing with every thrust over El's slick cunt. He brought both of his hands back on her ass cheeks to keep her steady as he pounded back and forth, his balls slapping against her ass as he did so. The sounds only brought him closer to his climax.

Feeling Mike's finger on her asshole while his cock rubbed her clit, El could barely form a coherent thought. She was lost in the wonderful feelings Mike was causing her to have. She somehow heard his request to come on her ass and she closed her eyes. She wasn't using her powers but she could easily picture the two of them standing there in the basement. Hearing their sounds combined with feeling him ramming himself into her, his cock furiously slipping through her folds, made it easy to imagine what they looked like.

"Oh god, Mike. I'm thinking about how we must look right now and it's making me come. Don't stop. I wanna come on your cock."

El reached back to find any part of him to hold on to, only succeeding in barely snagging his thrusting hips. She gave up as he kept pounding. She wouldn't fall anyway because he was hanging on to her.

"Oh...Mike. Now. I'm coming on you now!" El threw her head back as her second orgasm hit her. It was much stronger than the first and her knees buckled a bit.

Mike pounded El throughout her orgasm, grunting and trying his best not to come before her. He was pretty sure he hadn't used so much force on her before, but he was helpless now that their bare genitals were glued together. It drove him insane to know that he was so close to actually fucking El, so close to being buried inside her tight cunt and that was what he was imagining as he kept ramming against her.

He kept his eyes shut, but as soon as he felt her relax he opened them and retracted his cock from between her thighs so he could aim at her ass cheeks. Pumping his cock furiously, he bit his lip and mumbled when he could no longer hold his moans in.

"I'm gonna come...on your ass...fuck...ugh, El...you're so fucking...ho-ahhh!" He moaned out the last part before shooting his load all over his girlfriend's ass.

It ended mostly on her right cheek but he deliberately tried to aim right above her crack and he slightly smiled when he did so. This way he got the chance to watch his sperm drip between her ass cheeks and he found the strength to pull them apart while still spasming from his powerful orgasm, moaning and pumping his cock one last time after seeing his girlfriend's tight hole getting slick with his fresh come.

He was sweating and panting but smiling nonetheless, more than content with everything that had just happened. Leaning down, he pressed a sweet kiss on Eleven's back before collapsing on top of her, their limbs intertwining as they faced each other.

"I'm glad I jerked off in the shower. I don't know if I could've lasted for so long if I hadn't...you were amazing," he admitted in a hushed and sheepish tone before leaning in and kissing El's lips softly.

"I want to do that every time I spend the night. That was the best yet. Mike? How could it possibly get any better?" El whispered, spent and tired but feeling so good. She was playing with Mike's hair, twirling it around her finger, as he rested comfortably on top of her on the sofa.

Mike had to bite his tongue and swallow his words before he let anything slip out. He could only imagine the way it could get any better, but he knew the implications of taking his girlfriend's virginity and he wasn't planning on doing that until they were both entirely ready.

"It always gets better with you, El," Mike whispered reassuringly before rolling himself off her and squeezing himself between her body and the sofa. "I love you." He wrapped an arm around the only girl he had eyes for and kissed her once again.

That was when he heard someone moaning, someone other than his girlfriend and he remembered that the tape was still on, but he decided to stay in the warm embrace for a little longer before shutting the TV off.

"I love you too, Mike. I also love doing these things with you. It's kind of the best. I'm glad you mixed up the tapes. I think it was the best accident."

Author's Note: I really can't take credit for this. I have a partner and she is amazing and I'd have to say the best stuff in this came from her. Couldn't do it without you! Love you (in a frowny Mike Wheeler kind of way, lol! But no, in my own way)

4. Chapter 4

This is the last chapter in this particular story but I love these guys so much that they will be making an appearance or two in a couple of things I have planned for October and my favorite holiday. I just can't say goodbye to them just yet. And warnings abound! Take heed!

It was late spring and Karen Wheeler was invested in her yearly spring cleaning. She had enlisted Mike to help Ted clear some boxes out of the attic so she could fill new boxes and store the things until she deemed it time to clear boxes again. El had been at the Wheeler house, spending the day and watching Holly while everyone else cleaned.

A couple of hours after they'd disappeared into the attic, Mike and Ted arrived back in the kitchen with a few boxes. They needed Karen's approval before carting them off to the second hand store or they'd feel her wrath. It was not their first spring cleaning.

Amongst the boxes was one labeled *Mike's Clothes* and El was immediately interested.

"Can I look through this box?" El asked, her eyes impossible to refuse if she made eye contact. Karen was not immune.

"Sure, honey. In fact, if there's anything in there you want you are free to have it."

It was old t-shirts from a few years earlier, sweats, and a few sweaters he had outgrown.

El wanted the entire box.

For the next few weeks El wore Mike's old clothes almost exclusively. Mike thought it was adorable.

Except.

There was one pair of gray sweatpants he remembered so vividly and

every time she wore them it flustered him. It was the pair he had been wearing the first time he had come in his pants, the first time it wasn't an accidental erection. He had been wearing them the first time he jerked himself off and he remembered everything about it.

He finally said something to her about it, letting her know why he got flustered when she wore them.

El started wearing them even more. She liked teasing him. The day Mike came over to the cabin to help her study, she was wearing them again.

It was a Friday but El didn't mind. Any excuse to be with Mike worked for her. It had been three weeks since she last spent the night with the Wheelers. Hopper was home at the cabin, allowing them to study in El's room with the door open. El still couldn't help teasing Mike while they studied. Her cat Paladin was curled up on the foot of the bed asleep.

"Why again does it make you act weird when I wear these?" El laughed.

Just then Hopper stuck his head in her room and said he had to go to the station. It was getting dark and he didn't want to leave El alone. But Hopper knew Mike wouldn't take advantage anyway. He was Mike Wheeler.

After Hopper left, El resumed her teasing. Mike couldn't take it anymore.

"Did you come in these pants, Mike?" El chided.

Mike tensed and then grabbed her. Their books were still strewn across the bed.

"Yeah I did, and you're about to come in them too."

He wasted no time, closing the distance between himself and his girlfriend and maneuvering her around until she was on her hands and knees, her ass sticking up in the air.

It took El by surprise, a gasp escaping her lips as Mike's large hands

squeezed her ass and she could clearly feel him pressing his manhood against her bottom.

"I'm so sick of you teasing me, El," Mike sighed, but his voice registered no disgust. Instead, it was playful and needy, although a part of it told El he was serious and he was indeed tired of being made fun of for coming in those old sweatpants.

"I have to make you come now to see for yourself what it's like. Maybe it will shut your mouth," he added on a more serious note, his hips snapping forward. His cock was already hard and throbbing to be touched and Mike decided to free it, lowering his own pants and boxers to his ass so he could stroke himself.

Ever since they had watched that sex tape, they had continued to dry hump and do other sexual activities whenever they had the chance. It had been a while though since their last time and that only made Mike grow more impatient, his movements soon becoming forceful and erratic as he placed his cock between his girlfriend's cotton clad thighs and rubbed himself over the soft material of her sweatpants, right where her pussy was.

"Oh, god, I wanted this," El breathed as she felt Mike's erection between her legs. Even through the sweatpants she was wearing it felt electric. He was really ramming himself into her, seemingly unable to control himself.

"Mike, you can pull my pants down if you want," El said as she reached down, feeling his hard cock with her hand. She pressed it more into her.

"Or do you want me to come in your pants too? Can you imagine me wearing these around our friends and we both know that we've come in them? You'll know exactly how you made me come in them and how I sounded when I did." El kept talking as Mike kept his rhythm.

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" He grinned at the mention of their friends, his thrusts becoming more powerful as he started imagining what El was describing.

Mike was still slightly taken aback by Eleven's sudden speech. He had

gradually gotten used to her being more vocal and especially about the intimate things they did and, truth to be told, that was what he was most excited about. Even so, it still surprised him to hear El being so bold and confident, trying to tease him to no end.

He stood his ground, though.

"No, I won't pull them down." He replied sternly, allowing her to grab his throbbing cock and push it more over her pussy, knowing very well that the added pressure would make her release some of the tension built up in her lower region. "I came wearing them and you will have to go through the same thing."

The way he rammed into his girlfriend from behind made her constantly seek ways to support herself, whether it was the bed sheets or Mike's hips that she tried to reach out and hold on to.

Mike saw her struggle and he gently grabbed her arms and placed them behind her back, her wrists tied together with the help of his right hand. She was so fragile compared to him he only needed one hand to hold her in place and he loved the way her head was now buried in the pillows, her ass sticking up way above the rest of her body.

"Are you going to come for me, El? I think this was your plan all along," he grunted, looking down at the way his cock would rub over her clothed pussy.

"Whenever I wear these pants you'll remember this and what I looked like." El murmured while Mike had her hands pulled back and her face was in the pillows. "You can remember how you bent me over on my own bed. But I really need you to touch me. It's been so long Mike. Please don't make me wait."

El was relieved when she felt Mike's long fingers glide underneath the waistband of his old sweats, not stopping until his hand was blessedly touching her pussy. She knew the fabric between them must be drenched but she was just happy to feel his touch.

Mike had reached his left arm around El's waist until he found the waistband of her sweatpants and he could sneak his hand inside. It

didn't take long until his warm fingertips rested over her bare clit and he started making circular movements that were accompanied by his cock rubbing on the outside of his old sweatpants.

"Uhn, yeah, like that. You're so good at that. I like feeling your cock, but I have to say it's not as good as when I'm not wearing pants. But I want this. I want to be able to have a secret. I want these to be our come pants and I want to know that when I wear them you'll make me come."

Mike moaned as his girlfriend kept talking. He was pretty sure she had never gone into so much detail before, but it only made his cock throb harder, the blood surging through his member.

"Maybe if you hadn't teased me so much you would've had the chance to feel my cock on your cunt," Mike stated with a hint of playfulness. He kept the rhythm on her clit and his hips, synchronizing his hand and legs the best he could.

"But no...you had to be mean to me," he added soon after, emphasizing the last part with a powerful thrust that only made him stumble forward and on top of El.

The sudden loss of balance made his fingers slip down her pussy and he took that as an opportunity to insert his middle finger inside her tight hole. He groaned at the sudden warmth and wetness, his eyes rolling in the back of his head for a moment.

The entire time El had never let go of Mike's cock, keeping it firmly embedded in her slit, as far as she could anyway while wearing sweatpants and panties. Her hand was slick with his precum and she loved how it felt to hold him in place as he thrust against her.

"I'm sorry I teased you, Mike. I want to feel your cock on my cunt. I was wrong. I was bad." El was starting to lose herself. The feelings were overwhelming.

"What should you do since I was bad? Please don't take your cock away." When Mike fell on her after admonishing her for being mean to him El felt his finger slip inside. Now she had his cock rubbing her clit while his finger was fucking her. That was what she wanted.

"Mike, if you keep doing that you're gonna make me come. I'm gonna come in your pants. It's gonna be all over them. It's gonna be so hard, Mike. I can't do it like you can. I've tried. Oh, shit. Don't stop."

Mike's jaw slacked, his moans filling the air inside the room as he listened to his girlfriend's words carefully. He didn't even know what to wrap his head around first, but one thing was certain: she'd watched the whole tape.

When El had asked him for a copy, he was reluctant at first. He didn't want Hopper to find out and kill him, but that didn't stop him from complying. How could he not when El made sure to kiss every inch of his body as she begged for the tape?

And he knew because he had watched the whole tape. He had watched a woman asking to be punished by a man. It seemed like El took notes and applied this new information right now and every word that escaped her mouth only drove him closer to the edge.

He had no reply for any of that, though. He was way too focused on pretending to fuck her with fast and rough thrusts while he added a second finger, pumping his two digits in and out of her unbearably tight cunt.

"You deserve to come in these pants, El. And I'll never let it go, I'll make sure you always remember this. You'll always remember my fingers fucking your pussy and my cock rubbing over these pants." Mike managed to mumble through ragged breaths, the end of his palm firmly pressing over her clit so he could stimulate her even more.

"You're gonna make me come in them. Your fingers feel so good. I like the way your palm is touching me while your fingers are inside." El could feel him sliding them and out. The feeling reminded her of times in Mike's basement, particularly the time when she had accidentally taken him inside. That was what she was thinking about now, that and how it would look to watch his hard dick actually disappear inside her. She had a feeling it would feel even better than his fingers. She had already decided that she liked how it felt to be stretched out.

"Mike, I'm about to come on your fingers. Please don't stop. Don't stop anything." El pressed harder on his cock, making it rub her clit harder.

"Oh...a little harder...oh god...Mike, I'm coming in your pants..."

El threw her head back, crying out a string of nonsense.

Mike didn't stop for a single second, guiding El through her orgasm as he continued to finger fuck her and stroke his cock between her thighs. He moaned at the same time with her and it almost felt like a competition-*who could do it louder?* It was hard not to, not when she was describing every little thing in so much detail.

He kept his fingers inside as her inner walls pulsed around them, but his free hand moved to his cock and he started stroking it furiously, his girlfriend's name on his lips the entire time.

"El, I'm gonna come...you're making me come. You're squeezing my fingers so tight, oh fuck..." He whispered, rubbing his erection desperately.

Once he felt El relax around his hand he removed it immediately and brought it to his lips. His eyes were closed and he had no idea if El turned around to watch him or not, but he sucked his fingers clean as he pumped his cock and that was when he came. Tasting Eleven's come on his tongue was the only thing he needed to convulse uncontrollably, his warm semen shooting out of the swollen tip and landing down his tight fist.

El was still breathing hard and while she felt satisfied and happy, she was sleepy. She kind of fell over in her bed, landing on her side.

"That felt good. And now we've both come in these pants." El smiled weakly up at Mike who was on his knees holding his still throbbing cock.

Mike let out a tired chuckle as he looked down at his girlfriend. She seemed content with what he'd done to her and he couldn't wait to hug her tightly, but he needed to clean the come off first.

"I'll be back," he announced and got out of bed. He held his softening

cock in his hand on his way to the bathroom and he made sure to clean it thoroughly before coming back to El.

"Now you can't make fun of me anymore," he whispered close to her lips as he lay down next to her form. He inched in and pressed a soft kiss on her mouth, letting his lips linger for a while before he retracted.

Looking around the room, he realized the sun was starting to set and Hopper probably wouldn't be home until later. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of having El to himself for a little longer and as much as he wanted to put that time to good use, he was also tired.

"Let's stay for a little longer like this before we go back to studying," he proposed through half-lidded eyes, already having a hard time keeping himself fully awake. El's embrace was warm and comforting and he couldn't think of anything else he would rather be doing in that moment. From the foot of the bed, he could hear Paladin purring.

When Hopper arrived back at the cabin it was a lot later than he'd planned. The cabin was quiet so he went to check on El and Mike. He peeked into the room. It was dark but the light from the living room spilled in and illuminated their sleeping bodies on El's bed. Paladin meowed, hopping down from the bed. He stretched the way cats do before joining Hopper. Hopper picked him up.

"Were they good, buddy? Did you keep your eye on them?" Hopper let the little black cat nuzzle against his beard. "Yeah, I know. They do look cute. We can't tell them that though. Should we let them sleep?" Hopper was actually talking to Paladin. The cat made a noise that sounded like the affirmative. "Okay then. You want to come sleep with me? I'm gonna have a beer first." Hopper got a beer from the kitchen and he and Paladin retired to his bed where the cat fell asleep and Hopper read a chapter of a Western he'd been working on.

El woke up to her darkened bedroom. She could feel Mike cuddled into her. Squinting into the darkness, her eyes adjusted. Her door was open and she could hear Hopper loudly snoring in his bed.

She looked at Mike, noticing how the moonlight enhanced his

cheekbones and his lips. El knew what she wanted. She had wanted it for weeks now but never yet had the nerve to say anything.

Her hands moved down and she started to rub Mike's crotch through his pants. Not satisfied with that, she carefully slipped her hand under his waistband. As her hand touched his naked cock she felt herself get wet. She knew she was but the second she touched him she felt it gush.

When Mike felt a hand on him, his eyes fluttered open. Even so, he was unable to comprehend what was happening. The last thing he remembered was telling El to keep cuddling for a tad longer as the sun was starting to set. But now, as his eyes tried to adjust to the lack of light, he realized it was probably way past his curfew.

He was unable to figure out how late it actually was because he soon realized that the particular hand that had awakened him was actually on his limp cock, stroking him lazily.

He flinched immediately, his eyes desperately trying to find his girlfriend through the dark as he whispered. "El, what's going on? Where's Hopper?"

He sounded confused and frightened, even though he could feel himself getting hard around her delicate fingers.

El thought Mike was cute when he was still all sleepy. She smiled. "He's here. He's sleeping so we have to be quiet." She was still pumping his cock, not too much but enough to cause Mike to get harder by the minute. "Um, Mike? I want to do something different. Would that be okay?"

"Huh?" Mike blinked in shock, his gaze averting to his crotch. He could see a faint shadow of her hand pumping him up and down and he let out a small moan even if he tried his best to not be heard.

"Shit, El..." His eyes widened as he looked back at her. His tone was urgent as he emphasized her name and tried to understand what was happening. "You said he's *here*? What thing? We can't...ah!" He moaned again, his hips thrusting upwards involuntarily.

El giggled. "It's okay. He sleeps like he's dead. As long as we're quiet he won't know. I've been thinking, *a lot*, about what happened at your house last time." El continued to stroke him as she spoke, squeezing lightly and toying with the tip occasionally. "When you slipped inside for a second? Um, I want to do that, only I want it to be on purpose and I want it to go all the way in. Could we do that?" She leaned forward and kissed his neck, letting her lips linger on his skin.

"You mean sex?" Mike whispered, his mouth open both in shock and pleasure as he could feel El's lips grazing over his neck. It tickled him and he squirmed for a second, still trying to grasp the concept of his sweet, innocent girlfriend actually asking to have sex while her adoptive father was only ten feet away from them.

Sure, he was snoring. But the bedroom door was still open and they could never pull that off. *Or could they?* Mike was starting to doubt himself.

And sure, they dry humped and performed oral sex on each other on a regular basis. But actual sex? As in his dick actually penetrating her? He was terrified.

"Well yeah. I want to do that. I don't know when we'll get another chance and it's all I've been able to think about. When I can, I sneak the tape you made for me into the VCR and watch it and I touch myself and I think about us doing those things. Did you know that sometimes they lick each other's assholes too? At first I thought that was weird but the more I watched, the more it looked like they really liked it. But what I really want to know is how it feels to have your cock inside me. I've felt your fingers. I know I like that. I mean, since we've been doing this look at how much more I feel like talking. I want to feel it, Mike. Do you?"

Mike's hips twitched at the mention of what he already knew was called rimming. He had fantasized about doing that to El, but he had never considered the other way around. He had always figured she'd be too grossed out by it but hearing her mentioning it now only made his dick throb harder against her palm and he had to bite his lip and stifle a moan.

And yet, he was still shocked by all of the other things that were coming out of her mouth. She wanted to have real sex. And now.

It wasn't like the idea hadn't crossed Mike's mind. Hell, it had been the thing he had wished for the most and especially after the tape incident.

But actually doing it was a whole different story. He didn't even have a condom on him. He didn't even know what to begin with. *Putting your dick in would be a great start, idiot*, he thought to himself before snapping out of his trance. They couldn't. There was no way in hell Hopper wouldn't hear them. *Although...he's snoring pretty badly*, Mike continued his string of thoughts before finally finding the strength to say something back to El.

"I want to, but...I mean...El, are you serious? Tell me if you're not because that's fine we can just talk about it but if you're serious you have to tell me because I'm kind of panicking right now," he murmured as softly as possible, even though his voice sounded more desperate than ever. Her hand on his cock didn't help at all.

"I'm serious, Mike." El's expression, although she didn't realize it, matched the expression she'd been wearing the first time she saw herself in a dress. "I want it. If you're worried about Hopper we can get in the floor. It's quiet there. Unless you don't want to."

"You can put it in just a little and if you don't like it we can stop. I just want to know how it feels...if it feels better than the other things we've done. But if you don't like it we don't have to keep doing it." El looked concerned, so afraid that Mike wouldn't want to.

"No, no, no!" Mike whispered frantically, his hand finding El's face through the dark and he rubbed his thumb over her smooth cheek. He hated seeing her so disappointed and especially over something he actually wanted just as much as she did. If not even more. "I want to. I mean...I'm sure I'll like it. But what about the door? He could wake up and see us on the floor and we wouldn't have time to even stand up," he murmured full of concern. He tried to be rational and think of everything that could go wrong.

El looked at her bedroom door. It started to close, slowly and quietly,

stopping when it was just slightly ajar.

"I can't close it all the way but he'll believe a draft shut it that far." El kissed him then. The idea that Mike was into her idea fueled her desire and before she knew it she had his bottom lip between her teeth. She came back to herself, opening her eyes. Mike was smiling at her, though his lip was still between her teeth.

"Do you wanna get in the floor? I know it's hard but on the rug will be better."

Mike contemplated for a few seconds. His dreadful year without El flashed before his eyes, how many things he actually had to endure by himself and how much it hurt to not have her by his side. The thought of ever going through that again frightened him beyond words and he knew that Hopper was partially at fault for his past misery. Mike figured the old man might as well deal with them having sex in case something went wrong and he woke up. Although he hoped he wouldn't.

Taking in a deep breath, he nodded silently and carefully removed himself from El. He crawled out of bed and moved to the floor, making El follow him and they just stood there for a second, smiling at each other dumbly.

He decided to make the first move, wrapping his arms around his girlfriend's waist and kissing her lips fully, his tongue wasting no time in slipping past her lips and caressing her own.

His hands moved to her ass slowly and he gave it a slight squeeze before he helped her out of her sweatpants and panties. It was then that he noticed how wet she actually was and he caressed her folds, spreading the wetness over her pussy lips. He was glad he didn't have to worry about himself; his cock had been throbbing ever since he woke up to El stroking him.

El felt Mike's fingers on her and moved her hand over his. "Don't. I want to feel your cock do it. I know what your fingers feel like already." She pulled him down until they were both lying on the fuzzy purple rug that Nancy and Karen had given her for Christmas. Mike ended up on top of El, which is where she'd wanted him. She

wasn't exactly sure what it was going to feel like but it seemed to her that the position would give Mike the control he needed.

"Just go slow. And don't worry about me. Just don't stop until it's all the way in. Okay?"

Mike nodded, the emotion already taking hold of him. He sat back on his knees as he slowly pushed his pants and underwear down to his butt. He was scared that the sound of his belt might wake Hopper up, but it seemed like he was still sound asleep as Mike glanced one last time at the bedroom door before hovering over his girlfriend.

He propped his weight on his left elbow, using his free hand to bring his member to Eleven's cunt. The swollen and pink tip of his cock rubbed over her slit a few times before he stopped at what he hoped was her entry.

He had to take a moment and breathe before he could even speak. His heart was racing madly and he gulped louder than he had wanted as he looked into his girlfriend's eyes, trying to find any trace of doubt. He would never forgive himself if she ever regretted this.

"Are you sure?" Mike whispered mere inches away from her face as he maneuvered his tip so he could toy with her entry, but he hadn't pushed in yet.

Looking up at Mike, El felt the tip of his dick at her wet opening. She gave him a half smile, her bottom lip moving between her teeth just after. She had been naked with him on top of her before but this felt different somehow...almost sacred. The feeling of his hips against her smooth inner thighs sent shivers up her spine. She nodded at him. She was shaking slightly but she wasn't sure if it was from excitement or from nervousness.

"Okay. I'm ready, Mike."

El moved her hips, her pussy bumping into Mike's cock.

"Show me what it feels like."

Mike drew in a sharp breath before nodding.

"Okay, I'm coming in."

He could feel El shaking under him and it didn't help that he was just the same, if not even worse. But hearing Hopper snoring profoundly helped him calm down since he figured they were still safe doing this.

As soon as he started pushing in he felt the resistance of his girlfriend's virgin hole. He clenched his jaw tightly and focused on the act, trying to penetrate her as slowly and smoothly as possible, but he realized it might take a while. This was nothing compared to his fingers and he watched El the entire time, his eyes never leaving her face in an attempt to make sure she was all right.

It didn't seem like she was though and although he knew this was supposed to be painful, he still couldn't help but panic. It broke his heart to see her face scrunched up in pain as she tried to adjust to his girth.

He had gotten the tip and maybe a little over an inch inside when he finally stopped, breathing heavily and using the hand that didn't grip the base of his cock to caress Eleven's forehead and push a few strands of her soft hair away from her face.

"Can you handle it? We can stop if you want," he whispered reassuringly.

El had known it might hurt at first. She'd had talks with Max and with Nancy. She had planned for it, being pleasantly surprised when it wasn't as bad as she'd imagined. It definitely hurt though, and she focused all of her energy on making herself relax and open, not wanting to blow the circuits of the cabin or make the lights abruptly turn on or some other thing that would wake up Hopper. She breathed, concentrating on just inhaling and exhaling, and soon the intrusion of Mike's cock was less of an irritant and much more of a stimulant.

"No, don't stop. I'm okay. Keep going."

Mike sighed in relief at his girlfriend's cue to keep going. He didn't know if he was able to stop at just that. It wasn't effortless, though.

He had to be slow and careful, he had to resist the urge of pushing all the way in and fucking her hard. But he managed to advance as smoothly as possible, stifling his moans by using his teeth as he bit into his bottom lip.

He was so concentrated on making this as painless as possible for El that he didn't realize he was fully in until his right hand nudged Eleven's pussy lips.

"I'm in!" He mumbled almost inaudibly, but his tone was urgent and shocked as he widened his eyes at Eleven. She smiled at him and he reciprocated the gesture as he rested both of his elbows on either side of her smaller form. "Fuck, El...I'm inside you. My dick is inside you," he whispered against her mouth at the same time he nibbled on her lips.

He still had a hard time not giving in and fucking her immediately but as amazing as it felt for him, he didn't know how El was feeling.

"Are you okay? Do you need a moment?"

His cock throbbed repeatedly inside her and he let out small whimpers, trying to take the feeling in as much as possible. It was exquisitely tight, her walls hugging his cock in all the right ways and he knew he had made it that way. Her insides were now shaped for his cock only.

El knew Mike was buried all the way inside her. It wasn't that she needed a moment, she was just overcome with emotion. This was Mike, the boy who had found her, kept her safe, the boy who had waited for 353 days, not knowing if she was alive but never giving up on her. He was the one who answered her every question, who was always so patient with her, the boy who would fight a swarm of demodogs to keep her safe. She loved him, and she had never been surer of it. Now he was inside her and it made her so happy.

"I'm okay, Mike. Show me what you can do with that cock." El was almost crying but not because she was in pain; she was overcome with love for Mike Wheeler.

Mike blushed at his girlfriend's words. He had no idea what to do in

all honesty, but the porn he had watched so far and all the hours spent dry humping with El served him well in that moment. He knew he had to move, he felt the tension building up in his balls as he remained still so he knew he had to release some of it by making some friction.

And so he did, tentatively at first, slowly retracting his cock only to push back in. He held his breath without realizing it most of the time and it only made his moans louder when he finally allowed himself to breathe.

He knew that had to stop, though. He didn't want Hopper waking up and seeing them fucking on the floor so he tried to regulate the air that entered and left his lungs, his breathing becoming more controlled as he picked up a rhythm.

He never dared to pull more than half of his cock out and push back in because he was scared it might hurt El too much. This made his thrusts rather slow and gentle, but enough to drive him insane. He couldn't believe he was finally inside the only girl he had ever loved and he was fucking her tight pussy that was still adjusting to his length.

"I'm fucking you, El...we're really fucking right now," he murmured in awe, letting his eyes travel down between their bodies and moaning as he saw his cock penetrating his girlfriend's cunt.

El was concentrating on how Mike's cock felt sliding in and out of her. She found that her favorite was when he was sliding in, particularly when he was hilted and her clit was rubbed. She was enjoying the sensation of him filling her and then pulling back, only to fill her once more. Maybe her body was more attuned to slight nuances but she loved it right before Mike slammed himself all the way home.

"Yeah, you're fucking me. Do you like it? Because I do. I want you to fuck me forever, Mike. I want to be forever fucked by you." El felt herself quiver as he would pull out and then her desire reignited again and again when he pushed himself back in.

Mike only groaned in response, unable to form coherent sentences as

he continued his rhythm. The pace slightly increased in speed as the seconds passed by since he was unable to go slow any longer. It felt too good, fucking his girlfriend's tight pussy and feeling every crevice of her walls as he did so.

He was caught up in the act, panting and forcing his biceps and elbows to keep him from crashing on top of her as they fucked, when he decided to avert his attention to the bedroom door. Everything had been more silent than before for a few seconds and Mike noticed it.

Stopping his movements, he tilted his head towards the door before widening his eyes and looking back at El. "He's not snoring anymore. Did he wake up?!" He asked with alarm but his tone was still hushed. Trying to keep his cock still inside his girlfriend's pussy, he continued to eavesdrop and beg for Hopper's loud snoring to come back.

Almost as soon as Mike had frantically asked, they heard Hopper's snoring resume.

El giggled practically silently.

"He's still asleep." She kissed Mike's nose playfully. The feeling of him slipping in and out of her was intense but she knew she wasn't yet at the point of coming. But in all actuality she didn't care. Having him on top of her, buried inside of her, was what she'd really wanted. She knew now how it felt to have Mike be inside her and she knew it definitely wouldn't be the last time.

"Shhh, don't worry about him. He asleep. Let's just think about you and me. You're inside me, Mike, and I like it. I *more* than like it. I hope you do too. You feel so good."

A bashful smile formed on Mike's lips as Eleven kissed his nose and he took that as an opportunity to start thrusting again. He was still going slow, taking his time memorizing every inch of her insides and letting out soft moans in the process of doing so.

"I love it. I love you," he whispered sincerely as they locked eyes. He was overwhelmed by emotions. On the one hand, he was horny, his mind fogged up by the delicious feeling of his girlfriend's tight cunt.

But on the other hand, he was still just as soft as ever when it came to her. Although his hormones dictated most of his behavior, his heart and soul were fully involved in the process of losing their virginity to each other and he knew there was no other way it could've gone. He loved El too much to not be completely dedicated to her, both body and soul.

Dark strands of hair obscured most of his vision as he hovered over El's half naked form and he kept jamming his cock in and out of her, but the rhythm was increasingly faster. As much as he tried to go slow, it seemed impossible. She felt way too good.

"I don't know if I'm gonna last...long..." Mike warned between thrusts, his lips glued to hers. He could feel his balls tightening and screaming for release and it took all of his might not to come right away.

El found herself meeting his thrusts, the discomfort starting to fade. Even if he hadn't told her she'd have known from the look on his face that he wasn't going to last long. His furrowed brow and slight frown from concentrating gave him away. She wanted to try to remember everything, wanting to be able to play back their first time in her head whenever she wanted.

"It's okay, Mike." El was thoughtful and then grinned mischievously. "You can fuck me for as long as you can. Do you wanna keep your dick inside me? You can decide where you want to come. But it feels good. Mike. I hope you can do it for just a little longer because I like feeling you move inside me."

"No! I-" Mike widened his eyes at his girlfriend. If they hadn't been in the middle of actually fucking he would have reminded her of the Sex Ed lessons she'd had with Nancy and how unprotected sex was risky even with the pull out method. But he couldn't do that, not when he was piercing her insides and his dick twitched with every thrust.

He knew there were a lot of things at stake, but his primal instincts took over when Eleven had stroked his cock and begged him to fuck her. That didn't mean he wasn't aware of the fact that they were on thin ice. Hopper could wake up at any moment and if he wasn't careful enough he might ejaculate inside her.

Even with those things in mind, he couldn't care less at the moment. All he was focused on was fucking El with careful, yet faster than before, thrusts. His hips were moving of their own accord as he just kept looking at his girlfriend.

He decided he loved the way she looked while getting fucked. How her face was still slightly scrunched up but not as much as before and he just hoped that the pain was replaced by the pleasure he was hopefully providing her with.

And yet, as he kept thrusting and moaning, all he could think of was Eleven's words: *Do you wanna keep your dick inside me?*

It just made him think of how it would feel to come inside her and without even realizing, he started fucking her faster, his breathing ragged as his hips snapped forward until he was balls deep every time.

"Might...come," he warned again, his jaw clenched and his teeth grinding as he continued his efforts.

And then he felt it. It started from his stomach and went all the way to his balls. The tingly feeling that indicated to him he was reaching his climax and he quickly pulled out.

"Fuck, I just fucked you, El. I was inside you, ah, shi-" he groaned as he jerked off on top of her stomach until he came, his lips pressed against hers the entire time. Thick ropes of cum ended up on her bare tummy until Mike milked himself dry and rested his forehead on top of hers.

El watched as Mike's cock unleashed his load. It felt warm as it landed on her stomach. The entire scene was so erotic; Mike describing what had just happened, that he had just fucked her and had just been inside her, and then both seeing and feeling him come all over her. She had liked how his face looked while he was fucking her. She *loved* how it looked when he came. And now they were both breathing heavy, their foreheads touching like that night at the Snow Ball.

"I love you, Mike," El whispered. "Did you like that? I did. I liked it a

lot. I'll do that with you any time."

They heard a loud snore from elsewhere in the cabin.

"We should get back in bed. Want to?" El kissed his cheek, still looking at him with all the love she had.

Mike nodded silently. He wanted to smile, but he was too embarrassed to even move. That was definitely not how he had envisioned his first time with El. It seemed like no amount of jerk off and dry hump sessions could have prepared him for the real thing and he ended up ejaculating prematurely anyway.

"I'm really sorry. Let's go to bed and I'll make it up to you," Mike whispered before pressing a gentle kiss to Eleven's lips.

Standing up on his knees a few kisses after, he looked around the room and decided to use Eleven's panties after getting her permission to wipe his come off her. They managed to hide the pair under her bed and just hoped Hopper wouldn't find them until they ended in the laundry basket.

Once they were fully dressed again, they carefully went back to bed and Mike hugged El tightly from behind, peppering kisses all over her ear and neck.

"I love you so much, El. You're the love of my life and will always be," he whispered in a hushed tone, still careful to not be heard by Hopper. His hand traveled down her stomach and under the waistband of her sweatpants, finding it easier to reach her pussy now that she didn't have underwear on anymore. "That was so amazing...you made me feel amazing. And I want to make you feel the same way if you let me. Or does it still hurt?" He added carefully as he toyed with her pussy lips, rubbing his lanky fingers over her swollen clit and spreading her juices all over.

"I think I'm a little sore but if you'll be gentle I want you to touch me. It still feels like your cock is inside me. I wonder if that's normal. I like it though. It's like my pussy is remembering." El moved her hand down, covering Mike's as his fingers carefully explored and teased. "I like it when you do that, Mike. I like feeling you behind me, hugging

me, while you play with me. It makes me feel safe. I like that we get to sleep in my bed tonight." El turned her head, craning her neck to try to make eye contact.

"You're gonna make me come while we lay here together in my bed." She grinned. "I think I'm in love with that idea. And you."

"Me too," Mike grinned back at El. He took a moment to admire how beautiful she was and it seemed like she never ceased to take his breath away. While her neck was still strained so they could look at each other he closed the distance between their mouths and captured her lips in a sweet kiss, the both of them realizing that they were really kissing for the first time after losing their virginity to one another.

His fingers stayed on her pussy the entire time and when they pulled apart he whispered against her cheek. "I'll be gentle. I promise."

And he really was, although her earlier statement played in the back of his head as a broken record. *Does she really feel like my cock is still inside her?* He bit his lip at the thought of Eleven's freshly fucked hole having his cock memorized and he applied a little more pressure on her clit as his lips went back to nibbling her neck.

Still wet from her first session of fucking just moments earlier, El pushed herself backwards, wanting to be as close to Mike as she could get. She liked how his arms felt around her, how he smelled, she liked feeling and hearing him breathe as his excitement grew from touching her. Her hand was still guiding his, not that he needed help, but she liked feeling his fingers work and how occasionally her hand would slip and Mike would grab it and put it on her bare pussy, making her touch herself however he wanted. *Not being in control in those situations might be my biggest turn on* she thought.

And he was nibbling her neck. She loved that. If they hadn't been trying to be quiet she would have been very vocal about it, vocal for Eleven anyway, but they were being covert so she could only think her thoughts. The idea of telepathy crossed her mind and she wished she had that over levitation. It would be quite useful now.

She moaned softly. "Yes, like that. You know just where to touch..."

The feelings Mike was stirring up caused her speech to halt. After a few seconds it returned. El started moving in rhythm with Mike's hand, careful to not cause the bed springs to make too much noise.

Mike was unaware of how much pleasure the simple act of pleasuring his girlfriend brought him until his cock was to its full potential again and aching to be touched. He didn't even bother, though, too enticed by working his fingers in and out of Eleven's cunt or over her clit.

"We just had sex, El. I just fucked you... I still can't believe it." His hot breath fanned over her ear as he spoke, this time replacing his hand with Eleven's and making her finger herself. He loved to control her movements, there was something erotic and dominant about it and he just couldn't help but guide two digits in and out of her sore hole. "Did you like it? Did you like how I stretched you open? Because *I* did. You were so tight and wet...shit...I can't believe it," he added with a dumb smile plastered on his face.

Hearing Mike breathe those words into her ear made El moan again. He was using her own hand, pushing her own fingers in and out of her hole. She was a little sore but she didn't even care. On the fourth or fifth pass, she wasn't sure which, she laced his index finger in her own and then they were both finger fucking her. As she got more excited she let go of Mike's hand and pulled hers out of her sweatpants, replacing it with her other one, reaching over her head with the hand she'd just removed from her wet cunt until she felt Mike's face. She slipped her sticky fingers into his mouth and he sucked on them greedily. The feeling was almost too much for El.

"Oh god, Mike. Suck my fingers. I'm so close. I'm gonna come on your hand in my bed and it's gonna be hard. Your dick was all the way inside me on my bedroom floor, Mike. You fucked me. I fucked you. I can't believe it." El's breathing was hitching, her words coming out all herky-jerky. "And now you're gonna make me come. Is it okay? Is it okay if I come on your hand?" The question was rhetorical but El thought it sounded sexy to ask. She could barely keep her moaning to a quiet level. It kept getting even louder.

Mike was sucking on her fingers eagerly, swirling his tongue around them and muffling his moans with the help of the intruding digits. But as he kept going, he could hear El getting louder with every flick

of their wrists combined on her pussy and he quickly managed to slip his free arm under the pillow that supported her head until it reached her mouth from the other side. He covered her lips immediately to keep her from waking Hopper up with her sounds.

"El, be quiet," he mumbled as he continued to pump his fingers and out of her while still covering her mouth. His palm pressed flat on her clit and he circled it around repeatedly, biting his lip at the erotic sight of his girlfriend's moans being stifled by his other hand.

El was almost at her peak. She knew that Mike was just trying to help her be quiet but his move to cover her mouth was so bold and dominant that El felt herself get wetter and felt her walls begin to tighten. His palm on her clit was enough but everything combined, his palm, his hand on her mouth, his breath in her ear, ignited something in her. She reached back again, this time finding Mike's hair.

She pulled his head as close to hers as she could, gripping his hair. She was writhing against his palm on her pussy while she seductively licked the one covering her mouth. She moaned, not caring if it was loud. Mike was making her come. The hand she had just moved to inside her pants she just kept on top of Mike's as he continued to stimulate her.

She couldn't speak, couldn't announce it with him covering her mouth, so she let the hand that was in his hair slide down, remaining on his cheek. She pushed her ass into him as she felt his palm send her over the edge. Her legs squeezed together, trapping his hand and her own.

Mike gasped when Eleven's hand found his hair and gripped it and he could feel the beads of precum seeping through his boxers at the small, but significant gesture. He didn't complain, though. In fact, he loved it. He loved how dominant they both got in such a short period of time-him making El fuck herself while covering her mouth and her tugging at his hair.

His cock was throbbing and begging for friction and as she starting coming and pushing her ass against him he let out a sharp breath, enjoying the moment while it lasted.

"Look how deep I'm inside you. I can do that now because we've just fucked," he whispered against her ear, letting her ride out her orgasm. "That's it, come on my hand. I can you feel your pussy squeezing me in," he teased her as she continued to pulse around him.

She knew he could feel her trembling and pulsing around his hand. He slowly removed the one covering her mouth. He stopped his movements completely once she relaxed against him, smiling in the aftermath of their actions.

He was still rock hard but he didn't care. What he and El had done tonight was more than he could have ever asked for and so he got used to the idea of having blue balls until he got home the next morning and beat his cock off to the memories of the night's events.

Sighing tiredly, he spun El around in his arms until they faced each other. He pecked her lips gently, his thumb caressing her cheek as they looked at each other.

He wanted to tell her how much she meant to him, how he was desperately hoping every moment of his life that she would never leave him again and how much he appreciated every moment they spent together. But his thoughts were soon interrupted by a loud snore that came from outside the bedroom. *Hopper*. "Do you think he heard us?"

El tried not to laugh. "If he heard us I think you'd know by now. He wouldn't just wait for us to finish. We are okay." She snuggled into him, her face resting on his neck so that she could smell him. She could feel his pulse on her cheek.

"I'm really glad we did it, Mike. I love you. I will forever."

"I will always love you, too," Mike whispered reassuringly, placing a soft kiss on Eleven's head and drifting off to sleep with her in his arms.

A few minutes later the door opened just slightly. Paladin crept into the room and jumped up onto El's bed, moving to the pillows. Purring loudly, the cat kneaded the pillow near Mike's and El's sleeping

heads, El still comfortably snuggled into the crook of Mike's neck, before curling up and going to sleep. He was just a cat but he somehow knew that Mike went with El and El was his person. The cat knew he was home as long as these two were around.

Author's Note: This was the most fun to write. Got the muse in my head and she's universal. So much love for my constant, unwavering support, my ego booster. Definitely the reason any of these stories even exist. Better and better...